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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George—Frederick Edney, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

DANISH BROTHERHOOD—Eric Christensen President; Anton Christensen Secretary. Meets second and fourth Mondays.

COURT WASHTON, No. 6070, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—James Graham, Chief Ranger; Joseph J. Dence, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—James Robertson, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Mrs. B. Casey Sullivan, President; Miss B. M. Dennehey, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 5—President, Mrs. Catharine Gillies; Secretary, Mrs. Adam Hempseed. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

ADMIRAL THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays. Commander, Charles Boldt; Adjutant, Marshall W. Hall.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Miss Catherine Curley; Secretary, Jennie Fontaine. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—James H. Hampton, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain Sidney D. Harvey; J. W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

OLAN MCLEOD, No. 163—John Yule, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 239, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lack, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.

Local Matters.

Cyclops did not Fit.

The new naval collier Cyclops arrived at the Bradford coaling station a few days ago with 11,000 tons of coal with which to replenish the supply at the station. When it was time for her to pull in under the unloading platform it was found that owing to the method of construction of her upper works it was impossible to get her in to the wharf. Messages were sent to Washington apprising the authorities of the fact and then there was a quandary as to what should be done with the vessel and the cargo. On Thursday orders were received here and the collier sailed, presumably for Guantanamo where her cargo will be used to coal the vessels of the Atlantic fleet when they return from Europe in January.

The default of the collier seems to be due to the fact that landing coal at permanent stations was not given proper consideration. She is said to be well designed for delivering coal to lighters or other vessels. Two other colliers of the same design now in process of construction will be modified.

Death of Mrs. Lippitt.

Mrs. Henry F. Lippitt, wife of Henry F. Lippitt, died suddenly at her home in Providence Wednesday after a brief attack of heart trouble following an operation several days ago.

Mrs. Lippitt rallied from the operation in a most encouraging manner and had been pronounced practically out of danger Wednesday. A few moments after eating a hearty luncheon she suffered from an attack of heart failure and died within five minutes. The cause of death is given by the doctors as cardiac embolism.

Mrs. Lippitt was Miss Marie L. Bowen and was married to Mr. Lippitt in 1881. She is survived by a brother, Holder Borden Bowen, of Providence, and a sister, Mrs. William Gammell.

She also leaves two daughters, Mrs. George F. Sinnickson, who lives in New Jersey, and Miss Frances Lippitt, and two sons. The older son, Henry Lippitt, recently graduated at Yale and is now in business with his father. Col. Lippitt who is now a prominent candidate for U. S. Senator will have the sympathy of the entire State in his affliction.

Mr. Henry H. Babcock has resumed his duties in Washington after a visit to his parents in this city.

The City Election.

Newport's municipal election will take place next Tuesday and from present indications there will be a large vote cast. Both candidates for Mayor are putting in considerable work of a quiet nature and should the weather be favorable there will undoubtedly be a larger number of votes cast than for several elections in the past.

Although there is not a great deal of excitement visible on the street there is an unusual amount of work being done to insure the getting out of voters next Tuesday. Of course the greatest interest centers in the contest for Mayor, Patrick J. Boyle, the present incumbent being opposed by Clarke Burdick. Both sides are apparently satisfied of victory, but neither is leaving anything undone to bring about the desired result.

A number of friends and well-wishers of Mr. Burdick have formed an organization known as the Burdick Volunteers. Quarters have been engaged in the Mercury Building, and Mr. Joseph Barrett, secretary of the organization, has regular office hours there. A large number of volunteers have pledged their assistance to Mr. Burdick's campaign. They feel that he has a splendid chance to win out.

As far as the other offices are concerned, this is largely a campaign of pictures. Several of the candidates have had placards printed bearing their likenesses and these are conspicuously displayed in store windows and other places. Newspaper columns are being used considerably to advance the interests of some of the candidates.

While the greatest general interest centers in the mayoralty contest there is also much speculation as to the make-up of the next board of aldermen. The friends of all the candidates for the board are doing much hustling in their behalf, and these candidates will of course help to draw out a large vote.

It is generally felt that there will be considerable change in the complexion of the board of aldermen next year, although it is possible that not all of the old board will be displaced. There is also much interest taken in the contest for school committee, where there are seven candidates to fill four vacancies. It is generally believed that Dr. Barker, Mr. Covell and Mr. Stevens, the retiring members, will be re-elected, but there seems to be some doubt about the fourth place. The other candidates are William McLeod, Daniel E. Doherty, Henry J. Jones, and Rev. Martin F. Ready.

For the representative council there are candidates galore, and most of these are doing considerable work to get elected. In the first ward there are 25 candidates, in the second 26, in the third 25, in the fourth 20, and in the fifth 24. As there are but 13 to be elected from each ward there are bound to be some disappointed ones after the votes are counted.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening was a short one, the business transacted being largely of a routine nature. Regular weekly bills and payrolls and the monthly bills of the school department were approved and ordered paid. The appointment of Harold F. Dillon as a special policeman was announced and was confirmed by the board.

Petitions from three citizens for remission of taxes were referred to the board of assessors. A petition from the Providence Telephone Company for permission to erect two poles on Pelham street and one on John street was referred to Alderman Leddy with power. Petitions for gas lamps in the second ward were referred to Alderman Shepley.

Mrs. Frank J. Goldie petitioned for damages for injury to her clothing by a fall on the sidewalk on Levin street, she alleging that the fall was due to the wires that had been cut during the fire at the Lorah drug store. She asked for $22.50 and it was referred to Alderman Mahoney and Albro.

There has been much complaint during the early part of the week as to the smell and taste of the city water. There was a strong odor of disinfectant which was very disagreeable. The ponds are still very low, although the rainfall helped them some but a great deal more is needed before the ponds will even begin to approximate the normal. A large fire would reduce the supply to a very low point.

There was a slight fire in the shop of Francis Stanhope on Marlborough street Thursday morning, but it was quickly extinguished by the men of Chemical No. 1. The fire started around the stove.

Captain Nicholas K. Card passed his fiftieth birthday on Saturday and his friends gave him a surprise party in the evening.

Representative Council.

There was a meeting of the representative council on Friday evening, November 25th, at which the salaries of the board of aldermen were fixed for the ensuing year and some other business was transacted. There was another report of the committee on the new police station but its recommendations were not adopted by the council, and the new building seems to be as far away as ever. There was considerable talk about tax matters and a few taxes were remitted but the raising of a question of legality prevented any further action on some other petitions for remission.

After the calling of the roll and the announcement of a quorum, the first business was to fix the salaries of certain city officers for the year. Mr. J. B. Sullivan moved that the salary of the Mayor be increased from $1200 to $1800. This motion was lost and the salary was then fixed at the same figure as heretofore. Mr. Sullivan moved that the salary of the aldermen be $900, but this motion also was lost and the salary was fixed at $500, the same as at present.

The committee on new police station presented a long report, which was read. In accordance with instructions from the council the committee had investigated other sites than the present one and reported on a number. None of these the committee considered suitable. Those considered were the Moorcroft property on Marlborough and Meeting streets, the Levitre property on West Broadway, the McDermott property on Prospect Hill street, the Fred W. Greene property on Long wharf, the Water Works property on West Marlborough street, the Dennis property on Marlborough and Farewell street, a site between Bowen's and Ferry wharves, the Sherman property on Long wharf, and the old City Hall property. None of these was considered suitable for the purpose, some being too small, some poorly located, and most of them being expensive. The committee therefore recommended that the front line of the new police station be carried 30 feet to the westward, and the whole building carried two feet to the north of the present location on Market Square, also that the city secure all the land owned by the ferry company and now occupied by the Adams Express Company, using what is needed and leaving the rest open to sell.

Following the reading of the report the chairman read a remonstrance from the neighbors objecting to the erection of a police station on the Moorcroft site. Mr. Tanner discussed in detail the various sites and answered questions propounded.

A long discussion followed the reading of the report in which many of the members participated. A motion that the committee be thanked and discharged was lost, only a few votes being in favor of the motion. The report of the committee was received, and the accompanying resolutions were taken up. One resolution directed the board of aldermen to proceed with the work, and the other provided for the issue of bonds to furnish the money. More discussion followed, and when the vote was taken on the first resolution it was lost, 52 voting in the affirmative and 75 in the negative. The other resolution was then laid on the table.

The report of the building inspector was received. The report of the collector of taxes dealing with certain uncollected personal property taxes was read and received, and the accompanying resolutions remitting certain taxes were passed. The tax assessor reported recommending that certain taxes that had been erroneously assessed or wrongly entered on the books in previous years, be remitted. The resolutions were read, but Mr. Congdon called upon the city solicitor for a ruling as to the legality of the resolution. The city solicitor believed it to be legal, but desired time to consult authorities. The resolutions were therefore laid upon the table.

A communication from the architects of the new Army & Navy Y. M. C. A. regarding the building law which would prevent the construction of such a roof as they desire was read, and was referred to a committee of five.

Resolutions were passed transferring various amounts from one appropriation or item to another to make the departments come out even to the end of the year. A resolution was passed creating a committee of five to request the Newport Postmaster to urge the establishment of a postal savings bank in Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin G. Oman have returned to New York after spending several weeks with relatives in Newport.

Walter Sherman has purchased at mortgagee's sale the Thomas H. Reagan place on Thames street for $3,915.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Owens returned recently from a trip to Europe.

Recent Deaths.

Richard T. Wilson.

Mr. Richard Thornton Wilson, one of the best known summer residents of Newport, died at his New York residence early Saturday morning after a long illness. He had been in poor health for about four years, but insisted on coming to Newport each summer as usual, although he had to be accompanied by nurses and physicians. At the time of the death of his wife about two years ago, Mr. Wilson was a very sick man, and since that time he had failed gradually. For a short time before his death his condition was regarded as very critical and the end was expected at any moment.

Mr. Wilson had been coming to Newport with his family for many years. In 1885 he established his permanent summer home here, having purchased the William R. Travers estate on Narragansett avenue and altered it to suit his taste. Here he had passed his summers ever since, and he was a familiar figure in Newport. His daughters all married men of prominence in the Newport set, and all have taken a prominent part in the social functions of the summer colony. They are Mrs. Ogden Goelet, Lady Herbert, widow of Sir Michael Herbert, and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. The sons, Mr. Orme Wilson and Mr. Richard T. Wilson, Jr., are also well known in Newport.

Mr. Wilson was born in Georgia more than eighty-two years ago. He was a strong believer in the cause of the Confederacy and attained high rank in the Southern army. He afterward was sent to Europe as fiscal agent of the Confederacy and there made many friends. After the close of the war he removed to New York and engaged in banking. He was associated with some of the leading financiers of the day and was active in the reorganization of the Southern Railway in conjunction with Morris Jesup and others. His financial ventures were pursued with excellent judgment and were almost invariably successful.

Funeral services were held at his late residence in New York on Tuesday and were largely attended. Rev. Dr. Stires of St. Thomas' Church officiated. The interment was in the family vault at Woodlawn, the remains being conveyed on a special train.

Murdock S. Holm.

Mr. Murdock S. Holm, one of Newport's oldest shoe dealers, died at his home on Cranston avenue, after having been in failing health for a number of months. He was not long confined to his bed, having been out on the street only a few days before his death. Those of his friends who saw him however recognized how rapidly he was failing.

Mr. Holm was born on Prince Edward Island but came to the United States about 40 years ago. He first made his home in Providence for a short time, but afterward came to Newport and opened a shoe store on Thames street in the building now owned by Stephen B. Chace. Here he carried on business for many years and at one time had quite a flourishing trade. He afterward closed out this store and was then located in business in several places, his last location being on Broadway near the old State House.

Mr. Holm was a charter member of the First Presbyterian Church, having joined long before the present edifice was built and while services were being held in Grace Chapel. He took a deep interest in the church and was one of the Elders. He was a member of St. Paul's Lodge, No. 14, A. F. & A. M., and was formerly a member of the Odd Fellows.

He is survived by a widow, one daughter and three sons.

Mrs. Horatio R. Storer.

Mrs. Horatio R. Storer, wife of Dr. Storer, died at her residence on Washington street on Thursday after a long illness. Everything possible had been done to aid her, and only recently she had returned from Pomfret, Conn., where it had been hoped that the climate might relieve her. She failed steadily however until the end.

Mrs. Storer was a most estimable woman, filled with sympathy for the needy to whom she gave freely of her time and money as long as her strength lasted. She was a member of St. Joseph's Church, and took a deep interest in all its work. She was actively interested in the founding of the Convent of the Cenacle and it was largely through her personal efforts that this institution was established. She was deeply esteemed by all who knew her.

Harry C. Cozzens.

Mr. Harry C. Cozzens, of this city, a decorator of unusual ability, died very suddenly in New York on Tuesday. He had been in that city but a few weeks being engaged by a New York firm to do some decorating of a church interior. He expected to make that his permanent home and his family would have joined him there before long. He had been in the employ of George E. Vernon & Co., of Newport for about 20 years. He is survived by a wife and one child, also by a sister, Miss Catherine Cozzens, a trained nurse.

Many Licenses Refused.

At the meeting of the board of license commissioners at the City Hall on Monday evening, action was taken on the applications that had been filed for licenses to sell liquor in this city during the year beginning December 1. Previous to the formal action of the board there was an open meeting at which persons had an opportunity to speak for or against the granting of licenses. There were several speakers who took occasion to address the board.

The commission then went into executive session and at its close the announcement was made of the licenses granted or refused. There were several that were refused outright, while a number more were laid on the table and one was withdrawn. There were a few surprises when the announcement was made. The list of applications and the action thereon was as follows:

The following licenses were granted:

Wholesale.

Acker, Merrall, Condit Co., 299-301 Thames St.
Alexander, John, 18-20 Kinsley's wharf.
Dennison Co., 29 Kinsley's wharf.
Drury, James H., & Co., 243 Thames street.
Horgan, Patrick H., 224 Thames St.
Gerrettson, F. P. & Co., 16 & 20 Washington Sq.
Sullivan, M. F., 95 Thames St.
Veigt, Ernst, 528-530 Thames St.

Retail.

Bishop, Richard, 100 Levin St.
Bryer, Peleg, 25 Broadway.
Buckley, Daniel J., 511 Thames St.
Burke, David P., 1 West Broadway.
Condon, Patrick R., 10 Long wharf.
Crowley, Dennis, 596 Thames St.
Driscoll, Michael, 266 Thames St.
Hotel.
Dunn, James H., 19 Long wharf.
Egan, Thaddeus, 205 Thames St.
Fisher, George, 114 Thames St.
Finn Bros., 407 Spring St.
Finn, William H., 499 Thames St.
Hansen, William, 26 Prospect Hill St.
Horgan, Maurice, 66 West Broadway.
Kearney, Michael H., 277 Thames St.
Kiernan & Sheehan, 87 Bath Road.
Lane, Thos. S., 175 Thames St.
McGowan, Daniel J., 10-12 14 Washington Sq.
Murphy, Michael, 483 Thames St.
Nolan, Patrick & Son, 106 William St.
O'Connell, Patrick, 42 Burnside Ave.
O'Neill, Michael, 16 Long wharf.
Perry, Ernest, 426 Thames St.
Peterson, Wulf, 22 State St.
Riley, James H., 140 Long wharf.
Schmidt, Adam, 338 Thames St.
Shea, John L., 664 Thames St.
Sullivan, Charles H., 117-119 Thames St.
Sullivan, George, 110 Levin St.
Sullivan, Jeremiah T., 467 Thames St.
Sweeney, Robert J., 7 De Blois St.
Quigley, William, 10 Market Sq.
Ritt, Charles, 32 Market Sq.
Weaver, Alva F., 293 Thames St.

Clubs.

Lawrence Club, 4 Touro Court.
Matinicomi Club, 36 Washington Sq.
Newport Casino Club, 194 Bellevue Ave.
Newport Reading Room, 29 Bellevue Avenue.

The following applications were refused:

Retail.

Connolly, Michael, 8 Kinsley's wharf.
Curran, John D., 2 West Broadway.
Lowney, John, 444 Thames St.
Manning, Michael, 658 Thames St.
Sheehan, Patrick, 50 West Broadway.
Vincent & Hattub, 12 Collins St.

The following applications were laid on the table:

Wholesale.

Baxter, Winslow, 603 Thames St.

Retail.

Atwater, John C., 659 Thames St.
Brown, George, & Co., 119 Long wharf.
Burkinshaw & Toomey, 12 Colline St.
Conheeney, James A., 640 Thames St.
Dontopoulos John, 53 Long wharf.
Dwyer & Purcell, 11 Touro St.
Gunther, Charles E., 8 Bath Road.
Mitchell, Nicholas, 109 Long wharf.
Murphy, Charles, 68 West Broadway.
Saulpaugh, Edwin J., 36 Market Sq.
Scott, Thaddeus R., 47 West Broadway.
Tallman, Frank, 2 West Broadway.
Trager, Charles, 8 Middleton ave.
Walsh, Daniel J., 8 West Marlboro St.
White, A. S., 48 West Broadway.

The application of Michael Egan, 48 West Broadway, was withdrawn.

The annual dinner of the Newport Yacht Club will be held at the Perry House on the evening of Wednesday, December 14. The dinner last year was given at the club house on Swan avenue and was a complete success except that the large number present somewhat overcrowded the rooms. This year it is decided to have elbow room for everybody that wished to attend.

Mrs. Mary Louise Durfee, wife of Mr. William H. Durfee and mother of Mr. Harvey J. Lockrow, died at her residence on Friendship street on Thursday after a long illness. She was a native of New York state but had resided in Newport for about 20 years. She had long been active in the United Congregational Church and had made many friends here.

Commodore Arthur Curtis James is to have a handsome stable on his place as well as a garage. The latter is already practically completed and the stable will be started at once. It will be of the same stone as the rest of the buildings on the estate.

The Newport Dorcas Society.

The weekly meetings of the Dorcas Society for sewing and for distribution will be resumed Friday, December 2nd, from two to four p. m., at Trinity Guild Hall, and succeeding Fridays until March 1st, 1911. There is great need of more helpers in the sewing, and the ladies of the society ask all interested to assist. Contributions may sent to the treasurer,

MRS. A. K. SHERMAN,
12 Clarke Street.

The December session of the Superior Court for Newport County will come in on Monday next at 11 o'clock. The criminal docket will probably be in order for trial the following Wednesday instead of the second Monday as heretofore.

The Christmas stamps for the benefit of tuberculosis work were on sale in Newport on December 1st. Those in charge of the sale expect that there will be a brisk demand for them and hope to break all previous records.

A handsome calendar is being distributed to his customers by Mr. A. O'—D. Taylor, dealer in real estate and insurance, on Bellevue avenue. The calendar contains an attractive picture, finely colored, and is an ornament to any room.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Walton Titus, of Deer Cove, Lynn, Mass., announce the engagement of their daughters, Miss Augusta Boynton to Mr. George Edward Hardy of Pittsburg, Pa., and Miss Alice Fletcher to Mr. Elmer Josiah Wilson of Lynn, Mass.

Captain and Mrs. David L. Scott have returned from a trip to Buffalo.

MIDDLETOWN.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Clarence Peckham and their son Harold left on Wednesday for the South where they will spend the winter at Eustis, Florida. They were accompanied by Miss Ella Brown, youngest daughter of Mr. Nathan Brown. Mr. Peckham, although not fully over his recent ill turn, hopes to be benefited by the change to a warmer climate.

Rev. P. M. Rhinelander, of the Cambridge Theological School, preached a strong Advent sermon on Sunday last, the first Sunday in Advent, at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel before a large and attentive congregation.

A lecture course of five entertainments is to be given through the winter at the Methodist Episcopal Church, under the direction of Rev. Clayton E. Delamater. They include A. Lincoln Kirk, entertainer and impersonator from Port Jervis, N. Y.; "The Passion Play," an illustrated lecture; "The Shadows of a Great City," also an illustrated lecture; The Ashton Lewis Concert Company (a musical trio); and a third illustrated lecture, "The Filipino and His Country." The series will commence December 13.

The members of St. Columba's Guild held a Christmas sale on Wednesday evening at the Berkeley Parish House, in association with a turkey supper. There was an attendance of over 200. The supper was served in the large assembly hall, the four long tables being attractively decorated with sprays of red berries. The supper was in charge of Mrs. Nathan Smith, chairman. There was an abundance, and the supper was well commended. Mrs. Edward J. Peckham was in charge of the sale which was held in the Guild Room. Miss Florence Carley of Newport played for dancing during the evening.

"Reform and Reformers," with quotations on woman suffrage will constitute the weekly program of the Oliphant Club to be conducted by Mrs. Susanna A. Main on Friday at her home near Mint Water Brook, East Main road.

The November teachers' meeting was held after school hours on Wednesday, at the Wyatt School. Two members of the School Board were present. Some of the teachers are planning to observe Christmas in novel ways this year without the usual tree.

The Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal Church will hold their Christmas sale on Tuesday evening of next week at the church parlors. A chowder supper will be furnished by the Ladies' Aid and there will be a small program in the auditorium in the evening.

On Wednesday and Thursday of next week Holy Cross Guild will hold a two days' sale at the Guild House serving supper the first night and cake and ice cream the second.

As an anniversary recognition of the three years pastorate of Rev. F. W. Goodman, rector of the church of the Holy Cross, Middletown, and St. Mary's Church, Portsmouth, members of Holy Cross Guild are to tender Mr. Goodman a reception at the Guild House Friday evening. Among the clergymen invited to be present are Dr. Porter of Emmanuel, Rev. Stanley C. Hughes of Trinity and the Rev. Latta Griswold and the Rev. Arthur N. Peaslee of St. Columba, the Berkeley Memorial Chapel. Mr. Goodman preached an anniversary sermon at St. Mary's Church on Sunday morning last.

Especial prominence is to be given the sale of the Red Cross seals in Middletown and Portsmouth this year through the committees which were organized in these towns during the summer as an affiliation to the Newport Association for the Relief and Prevention of Tuberculosis and of the State Board of Health. Mr. Wallace Hatch of Providence, state secretary, and Miss Sara E. Coates, Newport secretary, were in town Thursday arranging plans to advance these sales.

The Silver Horde

By REX BEACH

Author of "The Spoilers" and "The Barrier"

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CHAPTER IX.

CHERRY the next day demonstrated her power over all sorts and conditions of men by reducing the blase young clubman to a state of grinning admiration. "Fingerless" Fraser alone had been missing from the coterie. He had discovered them from a distance, to be sure, and came over to exchange greetings with Cherry, but the disastrous result of the fellow's garrulity was still so fresh in Boyd's mind that he could not invite him to join them, and Fraser, with singular modesty, had quickly withdrawn, to wander lonesomely for awhile till sheer ennui drove him to bed. His dejection awakened little sympathy in Boyd, who felt happier for the removal of his irritating presence.

In the morning Boyd was brought sharply back to a realization of his difficult position by a letter from Mildred Wayland.

"Father and I had another scene over you," wrote Mildred. "It was the first quarrel we ever had, and I'm half sick as a result. I simply can't bear that sort of thing, and we have agreed to drop the subject. What roused him to such a sudden fury I'm sure I don't know."

Boyd knew, however, and the knowledge did not add to his comfort.

It seemed, indeed, as if the trust's enmity had marked him in the eyes of the whole financial world. He was again denied assistance at the banks, and this time in a manner to show him the futility of further effort.

In his perplexity he turned naturally to Cherry, who listened to his tale of repeated failure with furrowed brows, pondering the matter as seriously as if the responsibility had been her own.

"The battle has begun sooner than I expected," she said at length. "I never dreamed they could fix the banks so quickly."

"Somehow I can't believe this is the work of the trust people. I don't see how they could scomplish so much in so short a time. Why, it came like a thunderclap."

"I hope I am wrong," she answered, "but something unexpected must have happened to change Mr. Hilliard's attitude. What could it be except pressure from higher sources?"

"Has he dropped any hint before you?"

"Not a hint. He wouldn't let go of anything. Why, he is too close fisted to drop his 'r's.'"

"Will you take dinner with me this evening so that we can talk over any further developments?"

"I am to dine with Mr. Hilliard," said the girl.

"Oh!" Boyd's tone of disappointment seemed disproportionate to the occasion. He endeavored to disguise his feeling by saying lightly: "You are breaking into exclusive circles. He lives in quite a palace, I am told."

"I—I'm not dining at his home." Cherry hesitated, and Boyd flashed a sharp glance at her. A faint color flushed her cheeks as she explained, "He could not see me at the office today, so he arranged for me to take dinner with him."

"I see." Boyd detected a note hitherto strange in his own voice. "I am going to try the Tacoma banks tomorrow. Would you like to run over with me in the morning? The sound trip is beautiful."

"I would love to," she exclaimed. "I may have something to report if I can make Mr. Hilliard talk."

"Out of curiosity, I should like to know what influenced him. I'll call for you in time for the 9 o'clock boat," he added as he arose to go. "Meanwhile if you get a hint from Hilliard it may be useful."

Cherry had finished her breakfast next morning when he called and was awaiting him, clad in a brown velvet suit which set off her trim figure with all the effectiveness of skillful tailoring. She was as perfect to the eye as the morning itself.

"Well, did Hilliard expose the hidden mysteries of the banking system?" he questioned as they walked down toward the water front.

"He did. It is no mystery at all now."

"Then it was that newspaper story that frightened him."

"Indirectly perhaps. He didn't mention it."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! Then how"—

"He informed me that you are engaged to marry Miss Wayland."

"Yes. But what did he say about the loan?"

"Only what I have told you. The rest is easy. Had you been less secretive I would have known instantly whom to blame for this trouble. Wayne Wayland and Willis Marsh are working double, and inasmuch as you are persona non grata"—

"Who told you I am persona non grata?"

"You told me yourself without intending to. Please give me credit for some shrewdness. If you had been a welcome suitor you would have had no difficulty in raising twice $200,000 in Chicago. Then, too, I remember the story you told me at Kalvik, your mental attitude—many things, in fact. Oh, it was very simple."

"Well, what of it? What has all that got to do with my present difficulty?"

"Listen! You want to marry the daughter of the greatest trust builder in the country, and he doesn't want you for a son-in-law. You undertake an enterprise which seriously threatens his financial interests, and if successful in that you could defy his opposition in the other matter. Now, all goes well until he learns of your plans, then he strikes with his own weapons. A word here and there, a hint to the banks, and your fine castle comes tumbling down about your ears. I thought you had more perception."

"We haven't figured Marsh in at all," he said tentatively.

"He figures nevertheless, as I intend to show you today. To begin with, please notice that unobtrusive man in the gray suit. Not now! Don't look around for a minute. You will see him on the opposite side of the street."

Boyd turned, to observe a rat faced fellow across the way, evidently bound for the Tacoma boat.

"Is he following us?"

"I see him everywhere I go."

Boyd's face clouded angrily, at which Cherry exclaimed, "Now, for heaven's sake, don't mimic Big George or we'll never learn anything."

"I won't stand for a spy," he growled.

Finally the girl said, "You really do care a great deal for Miss Wayland, don't you?"

His only answer was a deep breath and a slow turning of the head, but once she had seen the look in his eyes she needed no other. She could only say: "I hope she is worthy of all she is causing you to suffer, Boyd. So few of us are."

She did not speak again, but in her heart was a great heaviness. They reached the dock and lost sight of the spy, only to have him reappear soon after the boat cleared, and, while neither spoke of it, they felt his presence during the whole trip.

At Tacoma Boyd left her to go about his business, but joined her later at lunch, with the joyful announcement:

"I've had better luck this time. They said there would be no difficulty whatever in handling the matter, and they are to let me know definitely tomorrow."

"Did Hawkshaw hound you to the bank?" she inquired.

"I rather think so."

"Then tomorrow will tell the tale."

"You mean the bank will turn me down?"

"Yes, if I've sized up the situation correctly. I dare say these banks are as cautious as those in Seattle, and a few words over the telephone would do the trick."

"I'm inclined to give that shadow a little personal attention," the young man mused, but when she questioned him he only smiled and assured her of his caution.

Again on the return trip they discovered the fellow among the passengers. Cherry noticed as they reached the dock that while Emerson maintained a flow of conversation his eyes were constantly upon the fellow's back and that he kept a position close to his shoulder, regardless of jostling from the others. She could not tell what this foreboded, nor did she gain a hint of Boyd's purpose until the gangplank was in place and they were out upon it. A narrow space separated the boat from the dock. As they crossed this Boyd slipped and half fell on the slanting planks. He lunged violently against the man in gray, who was next him. It occurred with the suddenness of pure accident, and the next she saw was the stranger plunging downward along the piling, clutching wildly at the vessel's side, while Boyd clung to the guard rope as if about to lose his balance.

The man's cry as he struck the water alarmed the crowd and caused a momentary stampede, in which Cherry and Boyd were thrust shoreward, but the confusion quickly subsided as an officer flung a heaving line to the gasping creature beneath. A moment later the hatless spy was dragged to the dock, indignant and sputtering.

"I'm very sorry, sir," Boyd apologized profusely. "It was all my fault. The plank was steep, and I was forced off my feet. Whenever I'm followed too closely I lose my head. It's a weakness I have."

The man was still too unmanned by his cold immersion to do more than chatter angrily. In the hubbub Emerson led his companion out into the street, where she beheld him shaking with suppressed laughter.

"Boyd," she cried in a shocked voice, "then it was. You—you might have killed him! Suppose his head had struck a timber!"

"Yes, that would have been too bad," he declared. Then, at the sight

"I'M VERY SORRY, SIR."

of her face, his attitude changed to a wolfish snarl. "He'll know enough to keep away from me hereafter."

"Don't! Don't! I never saw you look so. Why, it might have been murder!"

"Well?" He stared at her curiously.

"I—I didn't think it of you." She shuddered weakly, but he only shrugged his shoulders and said, with a finality that cut off further discussion: "He's a spy. I won't be spied upon."

When Boyd entered his room at the hotel, whither he had gone after leaving Cherry at Hilliard's bank, Big George greeted him excitedly.

"Here's the dickens to pay. We can't get that barkentine."

"The Margaret? Why not? The charter was all arranged."

"The agent telephoned that we could not have her."

"What reasons did he offer?"

"None. We can't have her, that's all."

"She's the only available ship on the sound. Our stuff will be here in a fortnight."

"Some of it will."

"What do you"—

"Boilers held up."

"Boilers?"

"Yes. Read that." Balt tossed him a telegram.

"'Shipment delayed,'" read Boyd. "Well, this is growing interesting. Thank heaven, other people handle machinery." He reached for a blank and hurriedly wrote a message canceling his order. "I guess Cherry was right. Marsh is fighting to delay us." He began a recital of the morning's occurrence, but before he had finished he was called to the telephone.

"More bad news," he exclaimed as he re-entered the room. "The Jackson-Nebur company say they can't make delivery of their order. I wonder what next."

"We don't need anything more to cripple us," George declared blankly. "Any one of these blows is a knockout."

It was perhaps an hour later that Cherry entered unannounced.

"I just ran in for a minute to tell you something new. When I came up from the bank the elevator boy at the hotel made a mistake and carried me past my floor. Without noticing the difference, I went down the hall, and whom should I run right in to, coming out of a room, but our detective! As he opened the door I heard him say, 'Very well, sir. I'll report tomorrow.'"

"To whom was he reporting?"

"I don't know. A few minutes later I called you up to tell you about it, but while I was waiting for my number the operator evidently got the wires crossed or left a switch open, for I heard this much of a conversation:

"'Our contract covers 50,000 cases at $5. We thought that was at least 20 cents under the market.'

"I was about to ring off when I remembered that you had sold your output of 50,000 cases to Bloc & Co. for $5 a case, so I listened on a chance and heard another voice reply"—

"Whose voice?"

"I don't know. It said, 'We'll undersell that by $1.'

"'Good Lord!' said the first speaker. 'That means a loss of'— And then I was cut off. I thought I'd better come over in person instead of trusting to the wire."

"And you didn't recognize either speaker?"

"No. But I discovered at the office that rooms 610 and 612—the suit I saw that detective coming out of—are occupied by a Mr. Jones of New York, who arrived three days ago. I'll bet anything you please that you'll hear from Bloc & Co. within twenty-four hours and that the occupant of those rooms at the Hotel Buller is Willis Marsh."

Big George began to mutter profanely. "It looks like they had us, and all because Fraser's tongue is hung in the middle."

"All the same, we'll fight it out," said Emerson grimly. "If I can raise that money in Tacoma"— Again the telephone bell buzzed noisily.

"Bloc & Co.," predicted Cherry, but for once she was wrong.

"A call from Tacoma," said Boyd, the receiver to his ear; "it must be the Second National. They were not to let me know till tomorrow." Through the open door of the adjoining room his words came distinctly, while the others listened in tense silence.

"Hello! Yes! This is Boyd Emerson." Then followed a pause, during which the thin, rasping voice of the distant speaker murmured unintelligibly.

"Why not? Can't you give me a reason? I thought you said— Very well. Goodby."

Emerson hung up the receiver carefully and with the same deliberation turned to face his companions. He nodded and spread his hands outward in an unmistakable gesture.

"What, already?" queried the girl.

"They must have been reached by phone."

"That detective may have called Marsh up from there."

"That means it won't do any good to try further in Tacoma. The other banks have undoubtedly been fixed, or they soon will be. If I can slip away undiscovered I'll try Vancouver next, but I haven't much hope."

"It looks bad, doesn't it?" said Cherry.

"As we stand at present," Boyd acknowledged, "we are the owners of a hundred thousand dollars' worth of useless machinery and unsalable supplies."

"And all," mused the girl, "because of a loose tongue and a little type."

CHAPTER X.

CLYDE next day suggested that Cherry could prevail on Hilliard to advance the money.

"Cherry?" asked Boyd. "How can she help?"

"She can do anything she wants with him."

"What do you mean?"

"I may be a heavy autumn frost as a financier," the younger man remarked, "but when it comes to women I'm as wise as a wharf rat. I've been watching her work, and it's great. People have begun to talk about it. Every night it's a dinner and a theater party. Every day orchids and other extortionate bouquets, with jewel boxes tied on with blue ribbons. His motor is at her disposal at all times, and she treats his chauffeur with open contempt. If that doesn't signify"—

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the other with disgust. "She is too nice a girl for that. You have misconstrued Hilliard's politeness."

Finding his worldly wisdom at issue, Clyde defended himself stoutly. "I tell you, he has gone off his blooming balance. I know the symptoms. Leave it to old Dr. Clyde."

"You say other people have noticed it?"

"I do. Everybody in town except you and the newsdealer at the corner—he's blind."

Emerson rose from his chair and began to pace about slowly. "If Hilliard has turned that girl's head with his attentions I'll"—

Clyde threw back his head and laughed in open derision. "Don't worry about her—he is the one to be pitied. She's taking him on a seeing Seattle trip of the most approved and expensive character."

"She isn't that kind," Emerson hotly denied.

"Now, don't be a boy until your beard trips you up. That girl is about to break into Hilliard's vault, and while she's in there, with the gas lighted and a suit case to lug off the banknotes, why not tell her to toss in a few bundles for us?"

"If I can't get along without taking money from a woman I'll throw up the whole deal."

The curious look which Boyd had noted once before came into Clyde's eyes, and this time, to judge by the young fellow's manner, he might have translated it into words but for the entrance at that moment of Cherry herself, accompanied by "Fingerless" Fraser.

"What luck in Vancouver?" she inquired.

"None whatever. The banks won't listen to me, and I can't interest any private parties."

"See here," volunteered Fraser, "why don't you let me sell some of your stock? I'm there with the big talk."

Emerson turned on him suddenly. "You have demonstrated that. If you had kept your mouth shut we'd have been at sea by now."

The fellow's face paled slightly as he replied, "I told you once that I didn't tip your mitt."

"Don't keep that up!" cried Boyd, his much tried temper ready to give way. "I can put up with anything but a lie."

Noting the signs of a rising storm, Clyde scrambled out of his chair, saying, "Well, I think I'll be going." He picked up his hat and stick and hurriedly left the room, followed in every movement by the angry eyes of Fraser, who seemed on the point of an explosion.

"You are tired and overwrought," said Cherry quietly to Boyd. "The success of this enterprise, with any happiness it may bring you, isn't worth a human life, nor is it worth what you are suffering."

"Perhaps not, from your point of view," he said roughly, then struck his palm with his closed fist. "What an idiot I was to begin all this—to think I could win with no weapons and no aid except a half mad fisherman, an addle brained imbecile, a confidence man"—

"And a woman," supplemented Cherry. "I'm the one to blame."

"No; I blame no one but myself. Whatever you're responsible for there's only one person you've harmed—yourself."

"What do you mean?" asked Cherry. Her surprise left him unimpressed.

"Let's be frank," he said. "It is best to have such things out. I traded my friendship for money, and I am ruined. You are staking your honor against Hilliard's banknotes." Her silence only made him the more fiercely determined to force an explanation. "Oh, I'm in no mood to speak gently," he said; then added, with a sting of contempt in his tone, "I didn't think you would pay quite that price for your copper mine."

Cherry Malotte paled to her lips. "Kindly be more explicit; I don't know what you are talking about."

"Then, for your own good, you'd better understand. According to accepted standards, there is one thing no woman should trade upon. You have set yourself to trap Hilliard, and from what I hear you are succeeding. He is a married man. He is notorious, and yet you have deliberately yielded yourself to him for a price."

Suddenly he found the girl standing over him with burning eyes and quivering body.

"What right have you to say such things to me?" she cried. "A moment ago you acknowledged yourself a murderer—at least in thought. You said you would sacrifice anything or everything to gain your ends. Do you think I'm like that too? Are my methods to be called shameful because your own are criminal? And suppose they were? Do you think that you and your love for that unfeeling woman, who sent you out to toil and suffer and sweat your soul dry in the solitude of that horrible country, are the only issues in the world?"

"We won't speak of her," he broke in sharply.

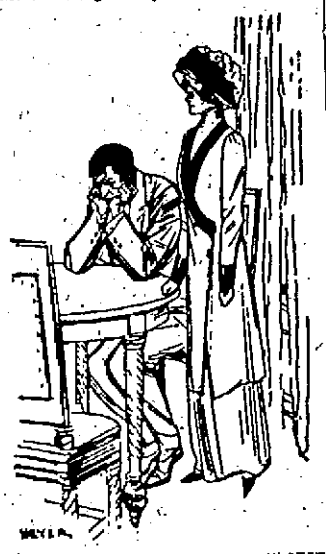
"Oh, yes, we will. You say I have set a price on myself. Well, she can set a price on herself, but you can't see it. Her price was your honor, that has crumbled; your conscience, that has rotted. You have paid it, and you would pay double if she exacted it. But one thing you shall not do; you shall not judge of my bargains nor decide what I have paid to any man."

Never before had Boyd seen a woman so transformed by the passion of anger. She was the picture of defiant fury. The mask had slipped, and he caught a glimpse of the naked, passionate soul, upheaved to its depths.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "You are your own mistress, and you have the right to make any bargain you choose."

He saw that her eyes were misty with tears. "I want you to know," she said, "that I understand your position perfectly. If you don't succeed you not only lose the girl, but ruin yourself, for you can never repay the men who trusted you. That is a very big thing to a man, I know, yet there must be a way out—there always is. Perhaps it will present itself when you least expect it." She gave him a tired little smile before lowering her veil.

He rose and laid his hand on her arm. "Forgive my brutal bluntness.



"WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU TO SAY SUCH THINGS TO ME?"

I'm not clever at such things, but I would have said as much to my sister if I had one."

It was an honest attempt to comfort her, but it failed. "Goodby," she said; "you mustn't give up."

All the way back to her hotel her mind dwelt bitterly upon his parting words. "His sister! His sister!" she kept repeating. "God! Can't he see?"

Dusk was falling when the girl, with set, defiant face, went to the telephone to call up Hilliard at the Rainier club.

"I have thought over your proposition, and I have changed my mind," she said. "Yes, you may send the car for me at 7." Then, in reply to some request, she laughed back through white lips, "Very well, if you wish it, the blue dress—yes, the blue decollete dress." She hung up the receiver, then stood with hands clinched while a shiver ran through her slender body. She stepped to a closet and flung open the door to stare at the array of gowns.

"So this is the end of my good resolutions," she laughed and snatched a garment recklessly from its hook. "Now for all the miserable tricks of the trade!"

* * * * * * *

George Balt, Clyde and Fraser formed a glum trio as they sat in a nook of the hotel cafe, sipping moodily at their glasses, when on the following afternoon Emerson joined them. But they sensed some untoward happening even before he spoke, for his face wore a look of dazed incredulity, and his manner was so extraordinary that they questioned in chorus:

"What's the matter? Are you sick?"

"No," said he, "but I—I must have lost my mind."

"What is it?"

"The trick is turned."

"The trick!"

"I have raised the money."

With a shout that startled the other occupants of the room Balt and Clyde jumped to their feet and began to caper about in frenzy. Even "Fingerless" Fraser's expressionless face cracked in a wide grin of the blankest amazement.

"About noon I was called on the phone by Hilliard. He asked me to come down to the bank at once, and I went. He said he had reconsidered and wanted to put up the money. It's up. He'll back us. I've got it in writing. It's all cinched—$100,000, and more if we need it."

"You must have made a great talk," declared Clyde.

"I said nothing. He offered it himself as a personal loan. It has nothing to do with the bank. I'm going to tell Cherry now."

Alton Clyde tittered. "I told you she could pull it off," he said.

"This was Hilliard's own notion," Boyd returned coldly. "He merely reconsidered his decision, and"—

"Turn over! You're on your back."

"It was only yesterday afternoon that I talked with Cherry. I dare say she hasn't seen him since."

"Well, I happen to know that she has. As I came home last night I saw them together. They came out of that French cafe across the street and got into Hilliard's car. She was dressed up like a pony."

"What's that got to do with it?" demanded "Fingerless" Fraser.

"She pulled the old fellow's leg, that's all," explained Alton.

"If I thought she had done that," said Emerson slowly, "I wouldn't touch a penny of the money."

"I don't care where the money came from or how it got there," rumbled Balt. "It's here; that's enough."

But Boyd clung to his point with a stubbornness which he himself found it difficult to explain. The arguments of the others only annoyed him. The walk to Cherry's hotel afforded him time for reflection, which, while it deepened his doubt, somewhat lessened his impatience, and when he was shown into her presence he did not begin in the impetuous manner he had designed.

"What makes you think I had anything to do with it?" she asked after he had spoken.

"You were with Hilliard last night."

She nodded slightly. "We closed our negotiations for the copper mine last night."

"How did you come out?"

"He takes it over and does the development work," she answered.

"That means that you are independent; that you can leave the north country and do all the things you want to do?" This time her smile was puzzling. "You don't seem very glad."

"No! Realization discounts anticipation about 90 per cent. But don't let's talk about me. I—I'm unstrung today."

"I'm sorry you aren't going back to Kalvik," he said, with genuine regret.

"But I am," she declared quickly. "I'm going back with you and George if you will let me. I want to see the finish of our enterprise."

CONTINED ON PAGE THREE

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In effect July 1, 1910.
Subject to change without notice.

Leave City Hall, Newport, for City Hall, Fall River, via Middletown, Portsmouth and Tiverton, week days 5.50 a. m., then every thirty minutes, until 10.20 p. m., then 11.20 p. m.

Sundays, 7.00 a. m., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 p. m. then 11.15 p. m.

Returning, leave City Hall, Fall River, for City Hall, Newport, 6.20 a. m., then every thirty minutes until 11.20 p. m.

Sundays 8.50 a. m., the same as week days.

NEWPORT CITY CARS

Change of time June 13, 1910.

Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 6.00, 6.15, 3.50 a. m. and 10.30, 10.45 and 11.00 p. m. Sundays 8.30 a. m. Then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park, for Mile Corner 6.22 and 6.37 a. m. and 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m. Sundays 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m.

Leave One Mile Corner for the Beach 6:30 a. m. and every 15 minutes until and including 10.30 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Beach, 6.45 a. m., then every 15 minutes until and including 10.30 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Beach for One Mile Corner at 7.00 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 10.45 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for One Mile Corner 6.30, 6.45 and 7.15 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11.30 p. m. Sundays 7.15 a. m., and then same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Morton Park 6.15 a. m., and every 15 minutes to and including 11.15 p. m. Sundays 6.45 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for Franklin Street 6.22 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11.22 p. m. Sundays 6.52 a. m. and then same as week days.

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Time Table in Effect Oct. 3, 1909.

Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston week days, 6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m. Sundays—Leave Newport 7.00, 8.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.13 9.13 p. m.

Middletown and Portsmouth—6.47, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m.

Tiverton—6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m.

Middleboro—6.47, 8.20, 11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

Hyannis—11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

Provincetown—11.02 a. m.

Plymouth—11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

New Bedford—6.47, 8.20, 11.02 a. m., 3.02, 9.13 p. m.

Providence (via Fall River)—6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m.

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THE SILVER HORDE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO

"See here, Cherry; I hope you didn't influence Hilliard in this affair."

"Why probe the matter?"

"Because I haven't lost all my manhood," he answered roughly. "Yesterday you assumed the blame for this trouble and spoke of sacrifices, and—well, I don't know much about women, but for all I know you may have some ridiculous, quixotic strain in your makeup. I hope you didn't"—

"What?"

"Well, do anything you may be sorry for." At last he detected a gleam of spirit in her eyes.

"Suppose I did. What difference to you would that make?" He shifted uncomfortably under the girl's scrutiny.

"Suppose that Mr. Hilliard had called on me for some great sacrifice before he gave up that money. Would you allow it to affect you?"

"Of course," he answered. Then, unable to sit still under her searching gaze, he arose with flushed face to meet further discomfiture as she continued:

"Even if it meant your own ruin, the loss of the fortune you have raised among your friends—money that is intrusted to you—and—and the relinquishment of Miss Wayland? Honestly, now"—her voice had softened and dropped to a lower key—"would it make any difference?"

"Certainly!"

"How much difference?"

"I'm in a very embarrassing position," he said slowly. "You must realize that with others depending on me I'm not free to follow my own inclinations."

She uttered a little mocking laugh. "Pardon me. It was not a fair question, and I shouldn't have asked it, but your hesitation was sufficient answer." Then as he broke into a heated denial she went on:

"Like most men, you think a woman has but one asset upon which to trade. However, if I felt responsible for your difficulties that was my affair, and if I determined to help extricate you that also concerned me alone." He stepped forward as if to protest, but she silenced his speech with an imperious little stamp of her foot.

In spite of the cheering turn his fortunes had taken, it was in no very amiable mood that he left her at last no whit the wiser for all his questioning. In the hotel lobby below he encountered the newspaper reporter who had fallen under Fraser's spell upon their first arrival from the north. The man greeted him eagerly.

"How d' y' do, Mr. Emerson? Can you give me any news about the fisheries?"

"No."

"I thought there might be something new bearing on my story."

"Indeed! So you are the chap who wrote that article some time ago, eh?"

"Yes, sir. Good, wasn't it?"

"Doubtless, from the newspaper point of view. Where did you get it?"

"From Mr. Clyde."

CHAPTER XI.

"CLYDE! You mean Fraser—Frobisher, I should say," gasped Boyd to the reporter.

"No, sir. Alton Clyde! He was pretty talkative the night I saw him." The reporter laughed meaningly.

"Drunk, do you mean?"

"Oh, not exactly drunk, but pretty wet. He knew what he was saying, however. Can't you give me something more?"

"Nothing." Boyd hurried to his hotel, a prey to mingled anger and contrition. So Fraser had told the truth, after all, and with a kind of sullen loyalty had chosen to remain under a cloud himself rather than inform on a friend. It was quite in keeping with the fellow's peculiar temperament. As it happened, Boyd found the two men together and lost no time in acquainting them with his discovery.

"I've come to apologize to you," he said to Fraser, who grinned broadly and was seized with a sudden abashment which stilled his tongue. Emerson turned to Clyde. "Why did you permit me to do this injustice?"

"I—I didn't mean to give out any secrets—I don't remember doing it," Alton apologized lamely. "You know I can't drink much. I don't remember a thing about it, honestly." Boyd regarded him coldly, but the young man's penitence seemed so genuine, he looked so weak, so pitifully incompetent, that the other lacked heart to chastise him. It requires resistance to develop heat, and against the absence of character it is impossible to create any sort of emotion.

"When you got drunk that night you not only worked a great hardship on all of us, but afterward you allowed me to misjudge a very faithful man," declared Boyd. "If you can't keep a close mouth and do as you are told you'd better go back to Chicago."

"Don't climb any higher," admonished "Fingerless" Fraser. "He's all fluffed up now. I'll lay you 8 to 1 he don't make another break of the kind."

"No; I was so com-cussed-pletely pickled that I forgot I even spoke about the salmon canning business. I'll break my corkscrew and seal my flask, and from this moment until we come out next fall the demon rum and I are divorced. Is that good news?"

"Everything is a joke to you, isn't it?" said Boyd. "If this trip doesn't make a man of you, you'll never grow up."

As if Hilliard's conversion had marked the turning point of their luck, the partners now entered upon a period of almost uninterrupted success. Boyd signed his charter, securing a tramp steamer then discharging at Tacoma; Balt closed his contracts for Chinese labor, and the scattered carloads of material which had been lost en route or mysteriously laid out on sidings began to come in as if of their own accord.

A brigade of orientals and a miniature army of fishermen had appeared as if by magic and were quartered in the lower part of the city awaiting shipment. At the dock one throbbing April evening the Bedford Castle berthed, ready to receive her cargo, and the two men made their way toward their hotel, weary, but glowing with the grateful sense of an arduous duty well performed. The following morning would find the wharf swarming with stevedores and echoing to the rattle of trucks, the clank of hoists and the shrill whistles of the signalmen.

"Looks like they couldn't stop us now," said Balt.

"It does," agreed Emerson. "We ought to clear in four days—that'll be the 15th."

"It smells like an early spring, too," the fisherman observed, sniffing the air. "If it is we'll be in Kalvik the first week in May."

"I'm off to tell Cherry," said Boyd.

His course took him past Hilliard's bank, and when abreast of it he nearly collided with a man who came hurrying forth. In the well groomed, fiery haired, plump figured man Emerson recognized the manager of the North American Packers' association.

"Good evening, Mr. Marsh."

Marsh whirled about. "Eh? Ah! Why, yes, it's Emerson."

Marsh informed Boyd of the anger of Mildred's father at his canning enterprise and also that Mildred and Mr. Wayland were to visit Kalvik on a yachting tour. Emerson was greatly amazed at this information; also he realized that Marsh had arrived on the spot because Hilliard had granted his opponents their needed loan. The men separated.

The next morning Balt rushed in on Emerson with news that the laborers loading the Bedford Castle had gone on a strike because the captain, Peasley, rightly refused a demand of $2,000 by the union.

"It's Marsh again," said Big George.

"Yes," Emerson answered; "it's a holdup pure and simple." A look of intense anxiety came into his eyes.

When Boyd returned some two hours later he found the dock deserted save for Big George, who prowled watchfully about the freight piles.

"Well, did you fix it up?" the fisherman inquired.

"No," exclaimed Boyd. "It's a rank frame-up, and I refused to be bled."

"Good for you."

"There are some things a fellow's manhood won't stand for. I'll carry that freight aboard with my own hands before I'll be robbed by a labor union at the bidding of Willis Marsh."

"Say, will you let me load this ship my way?" George asked.

"Can you do it?"

Balt's thick lips drew back from his yellow teeth in that smile which Emerson had come to recognize as a harbinger of the violent acts that rejoiced his lawless soul.

"Listen," said he, with a chuckle. "Down the street yonder I've got a hundred fishermen. Half of them are drunk at this minute and the rest are half drunk."

"Then they are of no use to us."

"I don't reckon you ever seen a herd of Kalvik fishermen out of a job, did you? Well, there's just two things they know, fishing and fighting, and this ain't the fishing season. When they hit Seattle the police force goes up into the residence section and stuffs cotton in its ears, because the only thing that is strong enough to stand between a uniform and a fisherman is a hill."

"Can you induce them to work?"

"I can. All I'm afraid of is that I can't induce them to quit. They're liable to put his freight aboard the Bedford Castle and then pull down the dock in a spirit of playfulness and pile it in Captain Peasley's cabin. There ain't no convulsion of nature that's equal to a gang of idle fishermen."

"When can they begin?"

"Well, it will take me all night to round them up, and I'll have to lick four or five, but there ought to be a dozen or two on hand in the morning." George cast a roving eye over the warehouse from the heavy planking underfoot to the wide spanning rafters above. "Yes," he concluded, "I don't see nothing breakable, so I guess it's safe."

"Would you like me to go with you?"

The giant considered him speculatively. "I don't think so. I ain't never seen you in action. No, you better stay here and arrange to guard this stuff till morning. I'll do the rest."

The following morning, true to his word, the big fellow walked into the warehouse followed by a score or more of burly fishermen.

Balt bore signs of strife. The big man's lips were cut, while back of one ear a knot had sprung up overnight like a fungus.

They fell to work quickly, stripping themselves to their undershirts; they manned the hoists, seized trucks and bale hooks and began their tasks with a thoroughly nonunion energy. Some of them were still so drunk that they staggered, their awkwardness affording huge sport to their companions, yet even in their intoxication they were surprisingly capable. George sought out Boyd and proudly inquired:

"What do you think of them, eh?"

"They are splendid. But where are the others?"

"Well, there are two or three that won't be able to get around at all." He meditatively stroked the knuckles of his right hand, which were badly bruised. "But the balance will be here tomorrow. These are just the mildest mannered once—the family men, you might say. The others will show up gradual."

The work had not continued many hours before a stranger made his way in upon the dock and began to argue with the first fisherman he met. Boyd, approaching him, demanded:

"What do you want?"

"Nothing," said the newcomer.

"Then get out."

"What for? I'm just talking to this man."

"Will you go?"

"Say, you can't load that cargo this way," the man began threateningly. "And you can't make me go"—

At which Emerson seized him by the collar and quickly disproved the assertion, to the great delight of the fishermen. He thrust him out into the street.

"I'm a union man, and you can't load that ship with 'scabs.'" The stranger swore as he slunk off.

The first actual violence, however, occurred when the fishermen knocked off for the noon hour. Boyd called up the police department, then summoned Big George. It was with considerable difficulty that the nonunion crew fought its way back to resume work at 1 o'clock.

During the afternoon the strikers made several attempts to enter the dock shed, and it required a firm stand by the guards to restrain them.

The next morning found the nonunion men out in such force that they were divided into a night and a day crew, half of them being sent back to report later, while among the mountains of freight the work went forward faster than ever. But in time the city awoke to the realization that a serious conflict was in progress. The handful of fishermen, outnumbered twenty to one and guarded only by a thin line of pickets, became a center of general interest.

It was on the fourth day that Boyd espied the man in the gray suit among the strikers and pointed him out to his three companions. Clyde and Fraser having joined him and George in a spirit of curiosity.

Late in the afternoon, without a moment's warning, the strikers rushed in a body, bearing down the guards like reeds.

Emerson and his companions found themselves carried away before the onslaught like chips in the surf, then sucked into a maelstrom where the first duty was self preservation. Boyd succeeded in keeping his footing and eventually fought his way to a backing of crated machinery, where he stooped and ripped a cleat loose. Then, laying about him with this weapon, he cleared a space.

At the first alarm the fishermen had armed themselves with bale hooks and bludgeons and for a time worked havoc among their assailants.

Seeing Clyde in a helpless condition, Emerson shouted:

"Come on! I'll help you aboard the ship." He found a hardwood club beneath his feet and with it cleared a pathway for Clyde and himself. He suddenly spied the man in the gray suit, who had climbed upon one of the freight piles, whence he was scanning the crowd. The man recognized Emerson and pointed him out. The next instant Boyd saw him approaching, followed by several others. Then, though Boyd fell back farther, the others rushed in and he found himself hard beset. What happened thereafter neither he nor Alton Clyde, who was half dazed to begin with, ever clearly remembered.

Before he had recognized the personal nature of the assault Emerson found himself engaged in a furious hand to hand struggle. Then a sudden blackness swallowed him up, after which he found himself upon his knees, his arms loosely encircling a pair of legs. As he struggled upward something smote him in the side with sickening force, and he went to his knees again.

He could only raise his shoulder and fling an arm weakly above his head in anticipation of the crushing blow he

HE COULD ONLY FLING AN ARM WEAKLY ABOVE HIS HEAD.

thought was coming. But it did not descend. Instead he heard a gunshot. A weight sank across his calves. Then, with a final effort, he pulled himself free and staggered to his feet, his head rocking, his knees sagging. He saw a man's figure facing him and lunged at it to bring up in the arms of "Fingerless" Fraser."

Boyd turned and beheld the body of a man stretched face downward on the floor. Beyond the fellow in the gray suit was disappearing into the crowd. Then he saw a gleam of blue metal in Fraser's hands.

"Give me that gun!" he panted.

"I may need it myself, and I ain't got but the one here. Let's get Clyde out of this."

Fraser lifted the young clubman, who was huddled in a formless heap as if he had fallen from a great height, and together the two dragged him toward the Bedford Castle.

That night under glaring headlines the evening papers told the story, reporting one fisherman fatally hurt, one striker dead of a gunshot wound and many others injured.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

As George Sees the Peers.

"David Lloyd George," said the miner from Wales, "is a very witty speaker. I've heard him many a time in Carnarvon. Speaking in Welsh, he once ridiculed in Carnarvon the house of lords. He said the average peer thought so much of himself at family prayers he always made one well known passage run:

"'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of lords forever.'"—London Globe.

His Wish.

"Life is something of a game after all," said the cynical person.

"Perhaps," replied Mr. Meekton, "but I wish Henrietta wouldn't regard it as bridge, with me forever playing opposite as dummy."—Washington Star.

RUBBING UP THE ARMS.

Said to Have Excellent Results in Cases of Fainting.

When my wife faints, which is miserably often, says a writer in the London medical journal, the Lancet, I do not apply friction in the usual absurd way—rubbing backward and forward, which must alternately check and accelerate the passage of the blood—but, taking hold of one of her hands with my left hand, I place the thumb and finger of my right hand tight round her wrist and then pass them firmly up toward her elbow.

Having brought them back loosely to the wrist, I pass them firmly up again, and when I have repeated the operation two or three times, sometimes on both arms, I have the pleasure of hearing the ejaculation, "I feel better now." When I first had recourse to this means of resuscitating my lady she exclaimed instinctively on two different occasions, without being at all aware that I had had any particular intention, "Oh, that is what I seem to want!"

From the invariable and immediate effect of this mode of friction I flatter myself that it is not unworthy the notice of the medical practitioner in the friction of cholera patients, a process which should be much oftener resorted to and more energetically persisted in than it generally is.

GERMAN RED TAPE.

A Lesson in Picking Up Things in the Streets of Berlin.

Take care how you pick up a thing that is lost in Berlin. The other day one of our deputies going through the Prussian capital on his return from a convention at Frankfort noticed a key at the edge of the sidewalk. He picked it up to hand it to a police agent. The representative of the city police refused to take it, saying, "You should take this key to the special bureau of things that are lost."

"Very well. Where is it?"

The agent named the street.

"Is it far from here?"

"A half hour, three-quarters of an hour if you don't walk rapidly."

The deputy replaced the key on the pavement. "Some one else will pick it up," he said.

"Not at all," said the agent in a commanding tone. "You should have left it where it was, but now you are obliged to go to the bureau. If you don't I'll make a complaint against you and you'll be fined, perhaps given a day in prison. That's the law."

The deputy was compelled to obey orders. Since that day he carries his hand in his pockets.—Cri de Paris.

The Hangman's Stone.

There is a large bowlder lying in a field near Foremark, England, which is known throughout Derbyshire as the "hangman's stone." The exposed portion of the bowlder rises about six feet above the surface of the surrounding field and has a narrow ditch or indentation running across the top. The mark, so tradition says, was made in this way: A sheep thief in the dead of night, while leaning against the bowlder to rest, placed his booty above on the flat surface of the stone. The man had the sheep tied with a rope, and in its effort to escape the creature slipped on the opposite side, and the rope, catching under the thief's chin, choked him to death. The indentation in the rock was made by the friction of the rope while the dying man was engaged in an effort to extricate himself.

A Good Loser.

Arthur's, Almack's, Bootle's and White's were the chief clubs of the young men of fashion. There was play at all, and decayed noblemen and broken down senators fleeced the unwary there. Charles Fox, a dreadful gambler, lost £200,000 at play. Gibbon tells of his playing twenty-two hours at a sitting and losing £500 an hour. That indomitable punster said that the greatest pleasure in life after winning was losing. What hours, what nights, what health did he waste over the devil's books! I was going to say what peace of mind, but he took his losses very philosophically. After an awful night's play he was found on a sofa tranquilly reading an eclogue of Virgil.—From Thackeray's "The Four Georges."

The Poster.

The poster may be said to date from 1830, when a design by Lelance was used in France to advertise a book, "Commend Meurent les Femmes." His example was very quickly followed, most of the early designs being printed in black on white or tinted paper. The color poster began about 1860 and attained to the dignity of a high art with Jules Cheret, "the father of the pictured placard." The first English theatrical placard to attract widespread attention was one of Fred Walker's advertising a dramatic version of "The Woman in White."—London Chronicle.

A Hurry Call.

The political boss of a small city drove his buckboard at top speed down the main street on the morning of an election.

"Hey, Johnnie," he yelled to his son, "git down in the Fourth ward quick! There's people down there votin' as they blame please!"—Success Magazine.

Those Dear Girls.

Young Bride—I didn't accept Harry the first time he proposed. Miss Ryal—No, dear; you weren't there.—Boston Transcript.

Without the spiritual world the material world is a disheartening enigma.—Joubert.

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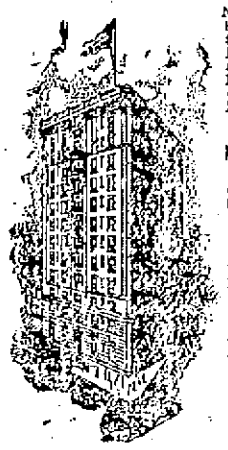

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Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 15 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

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DIRECTIONS.—A wineglassful with each meal and on going to bed, or as may be directed by the Physician. It may be diluted with water and sweetened to suit the taste. Children in proportion to age.

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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

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Saturday, December 3, 1910.

The State Returning Board is still at work counting the ballots cast last month. It is lucky for the anxious ones that there are no more "close" districts to be counted.

In the work of promoting the lakes-to-gulf channel the gentle art of making enemies needlessly should be gently but firmly laid on the table.—Western paper.

Good advice to follow even in other places.

New Haven report says the Boston & Maine proposes to fill in a ten-mile link between North Woodstock, N. H., and Profile House, giving a through route to all points to north. A new three-story hotel, built of steel and cement, will cap top of Mt. Washington, to replace the one burned several years ago.

So far as President Taft is concerned there will be no extra session of Congress after March 4. Maybe Champ Clark will call the boys together.

The nine months' wait will be anxious days for the would-be office-holders in the next Congress.

That part of Texas in which Mr. Bryan has bought his ranch is also growing in Republican party strength. Poor Mr. Bryan!

Too much Republicanism drove Bryan out of Nebraska. If now he can Republicanize the great state of Texas, much will be forgiven.

Champ Clark says he is neither for nor against the movement to take the appointment of committees from the speaker. That team of Missouri mules is beginning to pick its way mincingly.

It makes a difference whether the mules see a good crop of oats just ahead or whether they are still to be fed on straw.

The Democratic majority in the next House will not oppose the strengthening of the American Navy. In fact, the majority party will need some heavy equipment to cope with ex-Speaker Cannon.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Uncle Joe carries a good many guns and he knows how to use them most effectively. Woe to the unlucky Democrat who gets within range.

If the Republican party has been punished for the high cost of living, a world-wide condition, it is evident that nothing could be found against it in the administration of domestic affairs.—Exchange.

We hope that as much can be said of the crowd that was elected in November when it goes out of power two years hence.

Providence is a queer city. Some three years ago it went Democratic by over four thousand majority. Then for two years it went Republican, electing the Honorable William M. P. Bowen State Senator on the Republican ticket with fair majorities. This year for no apparent reason except the uncertain whim of the people, it defeated him and elected his Democratic adversary, a retired grocerman, by 4164 majority. And yet Providence complains because it does not have more influence in the General Assembly.

Governor-elect Foss of Massachusetts seems to be trying to make himself a second Roosevelt. He has started out to defeat the re-election of Senator Lodge, and in his first speech to the Cape Codders he told them that he had driven Senators Aldrich and Hale from the United States Senate; that he had sealed the doom of Cannonism; that he had brought about the tariff revision; that he had compelled reciprocity with Canada, and that he was going to compel the Massachusetts General Court to defeat Senator Lodge. If that is not Roosevelttian egotism, what is it? The people of the old Bay State thought to be, and probably will be ashamed of themselves for electing such a blatherskite to a high office.

A writer in the Daily News is disposed to criticize the General Assembly for "interfering with local self-government" in Newport in dividing the city in five representative districts. The writer does not seem to know that the action of the General Assembly was caused by a direct vote of the people themselves who are the sovereign power. By vote of the people the General Assembly was ordered to divide the State into 100 Representative districts as nearly equal in population as possible. Under that order Newport was entitled to five representatives, and the five districts into which the city is divided are almost exactly equal in population. There was no gerrymandering and no thought as to which political party was to have the advantage of the division. The action of the General Assembly caused the city no extra expense. That was caused by the action of the Representative Council refusing to adopt the district lines as ward lines. The small voting places were made absolutely necessary in order that a person would not be confused by voting in one place for state officers and in another place for city officers. Let the Representative Council at a future meeting adopt the district lines for ward lines, and then the obnoxious booths will be done away with and the city will have five wards of equal population, and population has been made the basis of representation in all States and at all times.

The British Way And Our Way.

[Hartford Courant.]

A fortnight hence the much-annoyed, loudly-grumbling British cousins will probably be headed for the polls again. By Christmas it will probably be settled whether Mr. Asquith or Mr. Balfour is to be prime minister in 1911. "The British system," remarks the esteemed "Gazette" of Montreal, "ends or carries a revolution with dispatch."

It does, indeed. Suppose we had adopted it bodily in this country. Suppose our President (who is also the responsible leader of a party, just as the British prime minister is) had got his office as Mr. Asquith got his, and was holding it by the same precarious tenure. As things are, the so-called democratic landslide doesn't even jeopardize him officially, and unless he in his discretion chooses to call an extraordinary session the new Congress elected a few weeks ago will not meet until the December of 1911—more than a year hence. But if we had been on the British plan, this coming winter would have found the new Congress in the Capitol and a democrat at the White House. The United Kingdom is really a very much more advanced democracy today in its political methods than the United States. The idea there is that the will of the majority (even as regards fundamental changes in the constitution) must not only prevail, but prevail at once.

The men who framed our American system had a radically different idea. They made a government of checks—and effective checks—as well as balances. They made the changing of the organic law a work of years and of difficulty. They gave the President a fixed term; they were quite as careful not to make him a prime minister as not to make him a king. It was thought of essential importance to safeguard the people against their own excitements and violent impulses; to give them a chance for recovery and the sober second thought. Either Alexander Hamilton or James Madison—it's a case of debatable authorship—wrote in 1788:—

"The republican principle demands that the deliberate sense of the community should govern the conduct of those to whom they intrust the management of their affairs; but it does not require an unqualified compliance to every sudden breeze of passion, or to every transient impulse which the people may receive from the arts of men who flatter their prejudices to betray their interests. It is a just observation that the people commonly intend the public good; this often applies to their very errors. But their good sense would despise the adulator who should pretend that they always reason right about the means of promoting it. They know from experience that they sometimes err.

All things considered, the American plan seems preferable to the British plan. It works better in practice, and it is self-evidently much safer.

Invention of Typewriter.

On December 1, 1829, the first American typewriter, called a typographer, was patented, although records show that a patent was secured in England as early as 1714. The first machines were very crude affairs and but little attention was given to them. A. E. Beach was the first of the American inventors to set the type bars in a vertical position around a horizontal brass wheel, and inventor S. W. Francis added the pianoforte action.—Providence Journal.

The S. W. Francis mentioned above was Dr. Samuel W. Francis, long a resident of Newport. To him rightly belongs the credit of being the father of the typewriter invention, though he never received any recompense for his invention. One of the first of the machines of his invention is now in the Newport Historical Society's rooms.

Great Saving.

Epaphras Sherman, an 82-year-old farmer in Massachusetts, who has never been shaved, points out that big sums of money and many hours of valuable time are spent daily in barber chairs or before mirrors, and declares that the progress of civilization would mount by leaps and bounds if shaving were given up. If he had shaved regularly every day, beginning at the age of 16, he would, according to his reckoning, have scraped himself no less than 34,152 times. If he had been shaved in barber shops it would have cost him, he asserts, nearly $24,000. A total of one year, two months, three weeks and four days would have been consumed.

Washington report states that the department of justice has finished its investigation of the so-called "electrical trust," composed of the General Electric, Westinghouse Electric and several similar companies, and will file suit under the Sherman anti-trust law in about ten days. This suit will rank in importance with actions pending against Standard Oil, American Tobacco and American Sugar. Suit will be for dissolution. Government investigation has taken about two years. The suit will involve the question of monopoly under patents.

The late Democratic candidate for Vice President, John W. Kern of Indiana, expects to be the next U. S. Senator from that State. A friend wired him the other day "Heartiest congratulations. Now, John, shave off them dern whiskers. Nobody but jays are wearing whiskers." Mr. Kern replied: "Thanks for your congratulatory message. The last state convention, by a unanimous vote, indorsed the whiskers and, as the people of the state so decidedly expressed their approval of them, I shall have to carry them with me to the Senate."

Richard Croker remarks that: "I don't think a Republican tariff is responsible for the high cost of living. The people have more to-day of everything that makes for comfort." Even an old Tammany leader can see the proofs of Republican prosperity.

Improvements Promised.

An appropriation of $60,000 for automatic signals on the Warren, Bristol, and Fall River branch of the New York, New Haven and Hartford gives promise of good express service between Providence and Fall River. For a distance of less than twenty miles forty-eight minutes is by no means fast running time, and the demand for several express trains is a reasonable one. The reluctance of the New Haven management to reduce the time is attributed to the fact that the road has no signal equipment, and that mixing through and local trains without adequate means of controlling the express might result in rear-end collisions. With automatic signals the time interval of fifteen minutes can be reduced to three or five minutes. This should make it practicable to run express trains to Fall River in thirty or thirty-five minutes on a double-track road.—Providence Journal.

When this is done, wonder why Newport cannot have a little consideration? As it is now on most of the trains it takes two hours to run the thirty eight miles distance between Newport and Providence, with a long wait, a change of cars in Fall River and two very bad flights of stairs to go up and down. It would seem that the least the company could do would be to give Newport two or three through trains and shorten the running time by cutting out some of the numerous little stopping places where nobody stops. Newport is patient and long suffering but she does get roused up ones in a great while, and the time is near at hand when we should demand better train service with the outside world.

TIVERTON.

New Fishery Enterprise.

The recently organized fisheries company, which is headed by Capt. Nathaniel B. Church of Tiverton, has awarded contracts for five or six new fishing steamers. The steamers are to be constructed at the Fore River shipyards, Quincy, Mass., and are expected to be ready to go into commission when the season opens next spring. The overhauling and fitting out of the fleet is to be done in Tiverton.

Capt. Church has been busily engaged superintending the preliminary operations for the building of the fleet during the past week or so. He will maintain headquarters in New York, where it is believed the officers of the new fisheries company will be located. Capt. Church's summer residence on Nanaquaket, Tiverton has been closed.

The new company which is to build the steamer fleet recently acquired control of plants in the North, formerly operated by the American Fisheries Company of New York, and later by the Fisheries Company of Philadelphia, which purchased them from the American Fisheries Company.

While the newly organized company has the advantage of securing the Promised Land plant on Long Island, which is really the centre of the menhaden industry along the Atlantic coast, in addition to plants in Maine, the number of fishing steamers acquired in the formation of the new company was hardly sufficient to supply the demand. This is the reason for the construction of additional steamers.

At the close of next season's fishing, it is expected that the steamers will winter as in previous years in the basin between the bridges in Tiverton. Arrangements looking toward this are already being made.

It is said that President Taft will send to the Senate names of three men to fill vacancies in the United States Supreme Court. Justice Hughes will probably be advanced to chief justiceship; Francis J. Swayze of New Jersey Supreme Court will succeed Justice Moody, resigned, and Secretary of Commerce and Labor Nagel will take place now held by Justice Hughes. There is reason to believe that Secretary of State Knox declined one of the justiceships.

Two city notes of a total amount of $20,200 have been paid this week by City Treasurer John M. Taylor, thus bringing the total amount of floating indebtedness down to $80,000.

Second New York express strike of greater gravity than the first seems probable, as expressmen are now demanding a closed shop. Strike is likely before Dec. 15.

LAWS OF WARS.

The Code Now In Use Among All the Civilized Nations.

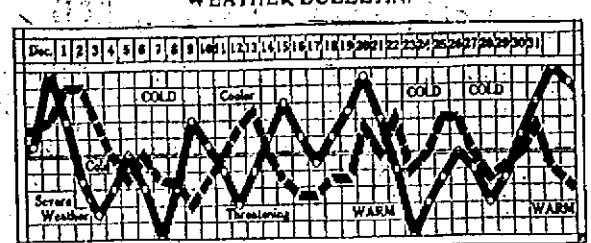
The "laws of war" as at present formulated by the civilized nations forbid the use of poison against an enemy; murder by treachery, as, for example, assuming the uniform or displaying the flag of a foe; the murder of those who have surrendered, whether upon conditions or at discretion; declarations that no quarter will be given to an enemy; the use of such arms or projectiles as will cause unnecessary pain or suffering to an enemy; the abuse of a flag of truce to gain information concerning an enemy's positions; all unnecessary destruction of property, whether public or private.

They also declare that only fortified places shall be besieged; open cities or villages not to be subject to siege or bombardment; that public buildings of whatever character, whether belonging to church or state, shall be spared; that plundering by private soldiers or their officers shall be considered inadmissible; that prisoners shall be treated with common humanity; that the personal effects and private property of prisoners, except their arms and ammunition, shall be respected; that the population of an enemy's country shall be considered exempt from participation in the war, unless by hostile acts they provoke the ill will of the enemy.

Personal and family honor and the religious convictions of an invaded people must be respected by the invaders and all pillage by regular troops or their followers strictly forbidden.—New York Herald.

The tail sometimes wag the dog; also the biggest part of many a fish is the tale.

WEATHER BULLETIN.



December temperatures will average about normal. Very cold first and fourth weeks of the month and warmer than usual second and third weeks. Rainfall will be above normal in New England States, the Ohio valleys and the Great Lakes and the lower Mississippi valley. Elsewhere from about to much below normal rainfall. Dry in Eastern States south of Pennsylvania and in Cuba.

In above chart the treble line represents normal temperatures and rainfall. The heavy line with round white spots is temperature forecasts. Where it goes above treble line temperatures are expected to be higher. Where it goes below treble line temperatures will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecast. As it goes higher indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes lower the reverse.

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Washington, D. C. Dec. 1 1910.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Dec. 8 to 11, warm wave 5 to 10, cool wave 9 to 13. The features of this will be the cold wave preceding the low and the progressively warmer weather that will follow, with variations till about Dec. 19. Look out for a great warm wave near Dec. 20 with a severe cold wave following.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Dec. 12, cross Pacific slope by close of 13, great central valleys 14 to 16, eastern sections 17. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Dec. 12, great central valleys 14, eastern sections 15. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Dec. 15, great central valleys 17 eastern sections 19.

During this disturbance temperatures will average about normal and rainfall will be light with but little snow in northern sections. Wind force will be greater than with last disturbance. Most rain may be expected in Ohio valley, northwestern states, southern sections of the great lakes and in lower Mississippi valley. Elsewhere too dry for winter grain and winter gardens. Snow flurries are expected in northern sections Dec. 3 to 8.

Great efforts have been made by the English in India to determine the causes and forecast crop seasons when the great droughts will afflict that country in order that they may prepare to meet the ravages of famine. They have concluded that sunspots have some relation to the great droughts and famines in India but they are unable to forecast the sunspots.

In order to convince scientists and governments that the causes of sun spots have been discovered and that the varying conditions of sunspots can be foretold these bulletins will take up that matter and forecast all the principal sunspots.

Next year will be prolific in the production of sunspots and I will endeavor to give their dates and conditions. No doubt there is a relation between crops and sunspots. The latter is the manifestation of great weather events on the sun and whenever a great disturbance occurs anywhere in the solar system the sun, all the planets, moons and asteroids—little planets are affected.

Great sunspot years bring great extremes of weather causing great crops in some countries and great failures in others. This question is of world wide interest and will be discussed in detail in these bulletins.

Some of the notable sunspot dates for 1911 are given below. Very bright and very dark spots are included. The locations of each kind will be given in later bulletins. Small spots near center of sun Jan. 13. Larger spots and more of them on west side of sun Feb 3 and 17. Large spot east side of sun Mar. 3 and smaller spots east side Mar. 27. Large spot center of sun Apr. 30. Intense large spot a little east of center May 4 and 5. Small spot opposite side of sun June 24. It may come into sight on east side about July 19. Great spot near east side June 24. This will be visible for ten days. Small spot center of sun July 20. Small spot east side Aug. 2. Small spot a little east of center Aug. 12. These two may be in same vicinity from Aug. 12 to 20. Small spot Sep. 8 a little east of center. Small spot west side Sep. 17. The two may be in same vicinity Sep. 17. Group of spots Oct. 19 near center of sun. Large spot a little east of center Nov. 1. Large spot near center Nov. 9. Large spot near center Nov. 24. Small spot west side Nov. 29. November will be remarkable for sunspots. Small spot east side Dec. 18.

Sunspots are always in pairs one dark the other bright. Will give their latitudes on the sun later and discuss their relations to our weather. This is already a great question among scientists and its interest will increase.

113 HUMAN LIVES LOST IN HUNTING

Toll of Season of 1910 in Twenty-Three States

Chicago, Dec. 2.—The hunting season of 1910 cost 113 human lives, according to statistics from twenty-three states collected by The Tribune. This is considerably more than were killed during any previous season in which there is a record. The loss of life in 1909 was 87, in 1908 it was 87, in 1907 82 and in 1906 74.

The number of injured this season, however, is less than in year ago, 82 having been hurt this year, against 101 for the season of 1909.

It is likely the death list this year will be considerably increased by reason of the fatal termination in the cases of many of the injured.

"Mistaken for a deer" and "shot by a companion" continue to lead as the reason for the shooting of hunters. Michigan heads the list with 27 killed.

DEATH OF OLD SETTLER

He Had Not Shaved Nor Cut His Hair In Ninety Years

Nashville, Ind., Dec. 1.—Elbert Merida, who lived his 90 years without ever having been shaved or having his hair cut, died at his home near here of typhoid fever. He was one of the oldest settlers of Brown county.

In his little log house are a number of rattlesnake skins, to the wearing of which he attributed his long life.

Woman Gets Wetmore's Millions

St. Louis, Dec. 2.—Mrs. Teresa G. Thompson, a widow, is the principal beneficiary in the will of Colonel Moses C. Wetmore, multimillionaire and Democratic national committeeman from Missouri. Wetmore lived at the home of Mrs. Thompson for several years immediately preceding his death. She was not related to him.

Cute Little Girl.

One day while Katherine's mother was ill a cup of beef tea was prepared for her, but Katherine fancied it and drank almost all of it. Her father was about to scold her when her mother said:

"Never mind; it does me just as much good to see her drink it."

Shortly after this a dose of castor oil was prepared for Katherine, and she poured it into her doll's mouth.

"Why Katherine," said her astonished mother, "what did you do that for?"

"That's all right," Katherine replied, "it will do me just as much good if she drinks it."—Boston Herald.

WEEKLY ALMANAC

DECEMBER 1910 — STANDARD TIME

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	High water Morn	High water Eve
3 Sat	7 6	4 33	6 43	7 42	8 12
4 Sun	7 6	4 33	6 38	8 19	7 52
5 Mon	7 7	4 33	7 35	8 53	9 36
6 Tues	7 8	4 33	8 29	9 41	10 22
7 Wed	7 9	4 33	9 45	10 28	11 12
8 Thur	7 10	4 33	10 54	11 13	
9 Frid	7 11	4 33	mo'n	12 08	12 14

New Moon, 11th day, 4h. 11m., evening
First Quarter 9th day, 5h. 29m evening
Full Moon 16th day, 6h. 5 m., morning
Last Quarter, 31th day, 11h., 31m., morning

DRIVEN OUT BY THE COLD

Elopers Lived Six Weeks in Secret Cave in Mountain

HUNT AND FISH FOR FOOD

Wealthy Parents of Girl Had Forbidden Her Marriage to Youth Who Dispensed Soda In Drug Store—Trouble Begins When Frost Comes—Caught In Railroad Station, Where They Had Gone to Get Warm

Yonkers, N. Y., Dec. 2.—Because of parental objections to their marriage, which they had sought to have solemnized in their home town, Miss Beatrice Sanders, 19 years old, of Newark, N. J., and La Vere Tallman, 20 years old, of the same city, ran away from home and for six weeks lived in a cave in the Catskill mountains, getting their food by fishing in a nearby lake and shooting squirrels, birds and rabbits. The couple are in charge of the Yonkers police, awaiting action by their parents. The cold had forced them to abandon their home in the cave and they sought shelter in this city.

The disappearance of Miss Sanders from her home caused a mild sensation in Newark. She lives in one of the exclusive sections and her father is wealthy. On the day she disappeared her father escorted her to a railroad train that was to have taken her to a school. She never reached the school.

The fact that Tallman, who was clerk in a drug store near the home of Miss Sanders, disappeared the same day, occasioned many rumors, but no trace of the couple was found until word was received from the Yonkers police that they were being detained there to await word from relatives.

Tallman told the police the history of his romance. He said he met Miss Sanders while he was dealing out ice cream sodas in the drug store. It was love at first sight. They wished to wed, but he said the parents of Miss Sanders would not think of it. She was too young and he was not making enough to support a wife. So, under the circumstances, the only thing to do was to elope.

He said a friend told him where there was a fine cave in the Catskills where he could live rent free. It was near a stream abundant with fish and in the midst of a wood in which game is plentiful. So he and Miss Sanders took guns and started forth. For six weeks they lived in the cave, fished and shot game and were happy.

But the frost came and they had to get in a city. They had a few dollars and went to Yonkers, taking a room at 224 Riverdale avenue. Their funds gave out, they couldn't get coal to keep the place warm, so they loitered in the Grand Central station and hugged the radiator to keep warm. Policeman Monk saw them warming themselves yesterday, became suspicious and took them to police headquarters. Then their story was revealed.

In telling her part of the story, Miss Sanders said that while they had as yet been unable to wed, they loved each other dearly and could not go on living apart even when their marriage was forbidden by their parents. She said she had entered into the adventurous part of their romance no less eagerly than did Tallman. Her only plea was that Captain Lent use his good offices with her mother and father to obtain their consent to a marriage.

PLEADS NOT GUILTY

Goodwin Is Arraigned on Charge of Murdering Galloway

Salem, Mass., Nov. 29.—Chester Goodwin pleaded not guilty when formally charged with the murder of Bertram W. Galloway at Danvers, when brought before the first district court here. He was held without bail for the January term of the Essex county grand jury.

Goodwin, who worked with Galloway in the moth extermination service and who also boarded at Galloway's home in Danvers, shot and killed Galloway at the latter's home during a quarrel.

CONGRESS' SHORT SESSION

But Little Is Likely to Be Accomplished, According to Hale

Washington, Nov. 30.—Senator Eugene Hale of Maine, Republican leader of the senate, by virtue of his position as chairman of the party caucus and of the senate committee on appropriations, foresees little of accomplishment in the coming short session of congress.

Beyond the passage of the usual appropriation bills, and possibly of an apportionment measure and one providing an ocean mail bounty, he believes no important business will be transacted.

Cut In Pullman Rates.

Chicago, Dec. 2.—General reduction of the rates for upper Pullman berths and in certain instances for lower berths were announced before Commissioners Lane and Clark of the interstate commerce commission by the Pullman company. No testimony in the case before the commission was taken.

Incendiary Slain by Police

Toledo, Nov. 30.—An unknown man was shot to death by the police after he had been detected setting fire to the Temple Moving Picture theatre.

Marriages.

In this city, Nov. 30, by Rev. William H. Thomas, Almond B. Bryant to Miss Mary Magdalene Johnson, both of Providence.

Deaths.

In this city, 28th ult., Harold Dimon, son of James E. and the late Alice M. Brainan, in his 22d year.

In this city, 29th ult., David Craig Woods, in his 63d year.

In this city, 29th ult., Robert E., son of Edward and Hattie Benson, aged 6 months.

In this city, 30th ult., Bailey Stevenson, daughter of William H. and Annie L. Matthews, aged 6 months.

In this city, 30th ult., Michael, son of Constantine and Mary Logothetis, aged 19 years.

In this city, 1st inst., Murdock S. Holm, aged 70 years.

In this city, 1st inst., Mary Louise, wife of William H. Durfee.

In this city, 1st inst., Frances Sophia MacKenzie, beloved wife of Horatio Robinson Storer, M. D., in the 74th year of her age.

In Providence, 30th ult., Marie Louise Brown, wife of Henry F. Lippitt, in her 51st year.

At St. Joseph's Hospital, Providence, 30th ult., Michael Segerson of this city.

In Fall River, Mass., Nov. 27, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. George Gadsby, Mary Margaret, widow of the late Paul Euler, aged 66 years.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., 17th ult., Theodore F. Read, formerly of this city, aged 41 years, 6 months, 25 days.

Suddenly, in New York, 29th ult., Harry O., eldest son of the late Charles and Catherine Cozzens.

HOUSES, SITES, AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements, Houses, furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Site for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

132 Bellevue Avenue Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1887.

He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

His is Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown for Summer Villas and Country places.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Size Small Dose Small Price

INSANITY PLEA DISCREDITED

Barrier Between Cook and the Forgiveness He Seeks

LITTLE SYMPATHY FOR HIM

Washington Scientists Think Explorer Has Fooled the Public Long Enough; Beginning With Mt. McKinley Affair—World May Think What He Says Now Is as Likely to Be False as True

Washington, Dec. 2.—The announcement of Dr. Cook's appeal for forgiveness by the public for having gulled and deceived it caused hardly a ripple of surprise among the scientists in Washington. Most of them showed little disposition to take him up for any serious consideration whatever.

"Dr. Cook asks us to believe that he was insane while in the north," said Professor Gannett, president of the National Geographical society, and supports his claim for sympathy by being his own witness to the fact. I think he can hardly expect anyone to give him the slightest attention, for he discredited himself once and forever in the Mt. McKinley affair.

"That, taken with the peculiarly cunning sanity which caused him to swindle the public by his rapid lecture tour over the United States, forms a barrier between him and the forgiveness he now seeks."

Professor Tittman, superintendent of the coast and geodetic survey, who acted on the committee from the Geographical society that passed on the credentials of Commander Peary, was asked to state what effect Cook's appeal would have on the scientific world. "I should say that there was nothing to be said," he replied.

"The scientific world will not bother itself about the matter now. It is all a matter that has been settled and passed upon. Scientists do not even care whether or not the man was insane. That, of course, would be a charitable way of dealing with it. But Dr. Cook does not say he was insane when he told the world that he had climbed Mount McKinley, and the world now is likely to think what he says is as likely to be false as true."

Admiral Chester, U. S. N., and Professor Gore, who acted on the committee that approved Peary's proofs of having reached the Pole, are away from Washington. Their associates said there was no doubt as to their sharing the views expressed by their fellow scientists.

Rear Admiral Melville said: "I know nothing of any such article, but if it is so that he has written one, he is merely trying to regain the ground lost when he declared that he had reached the Pole. I said at the time of his return that he was either a crazy man or a fakir.

"Anyone who has had experience in Arctic work would know from his own statements that he knew nothing of what he was talking about, and it was with the idea of carrying out his own statements that he has written this article, I believe."

GUILTY OF MANSLAUGHTER

Boston Man Who Killed a Negro Is Placed on Probation

Boston, Nov. 30.—John Holt, who pleaded guilty to manslaughter in having caused the death of Sabie Singleton, a negro, in the Roxbury district earlier in the month, was yesterday placed on probation by order of Judge Stevens. This action of the judge followed upon the evidence of eye witnesses who had seen the trouble between Holt and Singleton.

The two last witnesses put on the stand by District Attorney Pelletier declared they had seen Singleton rush towards Holt in a threatening attitude with his hand in his hip pocket.

WORKING ON THE MAINE

Hulk of Battleship Expected to Be Raised by Feb. 15

Havana, Nov. 28.—Night and day the sound of the steam hammers, the windlass and the drills can be heard at the wreck of the Maine, where more than 100 men are doing the preliminary work necessary to the raising of the battered hulk.

The engineers, it is said, have been instructed to have everything in readiness for memorial exercises on Feb. 15, the thirteenth anniversary of the destruction of the Maine, by which time it is expected the cause of the explosion will be known.

A HUMAN SACRIFICE

Woman Who Feared Spreading Disease Takes Her Own Life

Washington, Dec. 2.—As a human sacrifice, Mrs. Lena A. Shunk, wife of a clerk in the office of the adjutant general of the war department, deliberately killed herself at her home here by inhaling illuminating gas.

Mrs. Shunk, who was 36 years old, was afflicted with tuberculosis, and every posssible means to cure the malady had been resorted to without success. Letters to her doctor and her husband revealed the motive for her suicide—the fear that she would be the means of spreading tuberculosis infection to others.

Kingdom in Chesapeake Bay

Norfolk, Nov. 28.—The barkentine Kingdom, which sailed some time ago from Portland, Me., having aboard "The Holy City and Co." sect, is now at anchor in lower Chesapeake bay.

MISS HELEN TAFT

Will Aid Mother in Entertaining at the White House

© HARRIS & EWING

HELEN TAFT'S DEBUT

One of the Important Events on Washington's Social Calendar

Washington, Dec. 2.—Washington society was stirred over the reception and tea held at the White House between 5 and 7 o'clock yesterday afternoon in honor of the formal presentation of the president's daughter, Helen Taft.

Not only was this the formal presentation of Miss Taft to society, but it was something more. It was recognized as amounting to the test of whether one had the entree in the "400." If one were not invited to this reception, it would mean that he or she was not inside the pale of the foremost social circles here, and that it would not be easy this season to break into them.

IRRIGATED FARMS TO BE GIVEN AWAY

Small Payment For Water Rights All That Is Required

Washington, Dec. 2.—American citizens desiring to engage in farming may obtain an irrigated farm ranging in size from twenty to eighty acres virtually free from the United States.

About 400 farms are now open to entry along the several irrigation projects controlled by the government, the chief expense incurred in obtaining one of these tracts being the payment of the cost of water rights, which amounts to from $30 to $60 an acre on irrigable land.

"The crop season of 1910 in the west emphasized the value of irrigation as a sure crop producer," says a bulletin issued by the reclamation service. "It was the best year the farmers have known on the big projects of the government, and many phenomenal crop yields are reported."

35,000 TUBERCULAR CASES

Not Beds Enough to Accommodate Patients in Massachusetts

Boston, Dec. 1.—That there are 35,000 cases of well developed tuberculosis in the state of Massachusetts is the statement made in a report by the special commission created by the last legislature and appointed by Governor Draper to investigate the care of tubercular patients.

The provision of from 5000 to 6000 additional beds for the use of tubercular patients, the payment by the state of a subsidy of $5 per week for each non-paying tubercular patient in local hospitals; and the establishment of a system by means of which, under certain restrictions, tubercular patients may be supplied with food at their homes, are features of the report of the commission.

HAD TO TAKE VACATION

Chicago Thugs Overloaded With Plunder Taken From Victims

Chicago, Dec. 2.—Four men who have been arrested by Chicago police within the last two days confessed they were guilty of participation in more than 100 holdups in this city in the last four months.

Each told his story independently of the others and they coincided except as to special instances, which fact was explained by one of them, who said:

"Why, to tell the truth, I have held up so many of 'em, I forgot some of the details."

At one time, this man boasted, he had eight watches, and said he took so much plunder from his victims, he and his partners in crime could not dispose of it as fast as they got it, and had to "lay off work" for a while to do so.

Grafter Goes to Jail

Pittsburg, Dec. 2.—M. L. Swift, Jr., a former councilman, convicted of bribery during the councilmanic graft crusade, surrendered to begin a four months' sentence that had been imposed. Swift was charged with taking $31.10 for his vote.

Moors Kill French From Ambush

Paris, Dec. 2.—In a letter from a soldier with the French column near Oudja, Africa, it is stated that the French forces were ambushed in a ravine by Moroccans on Nov. 17, losing twenty killed and forty wounded.

COOK IS TIRED OF SELF-EXILE

Explorer Will Return to United States Before Christmas

CONFESSION TO THE PUBLIC

Admits That He Does Not Know Whether He Reached North Pole or Not—Was Half Mad From Privation and Loneliness—Was Bewildered and Believed His Own Story as Told at Copenhagen

New York, Dec. 1.—Dr. Frederick A. Cook has confessed that he does not know whether he reached the North Pole.

He has said, too, that he is tired of living the life of an exile from his own country, and intends to return to the United States, landing at New York on Dec. 22, with his wife and children, in time to spend Christmas with his relatives in Brooklyn.

His one desire, he adds, is to reestablish himself in the estimation of his countrymen; he realizes the position he has held in the public eye since his flight from this city last November, and the confession he has written is for the purpose of setting him right.

The discredited explorer does not say outright that he failed to reach the Pole. He merely admits that he is not sure, remarking that he was half mad from privation and loneliness, but convinced himself at the time that he had really attained the goal of his ambition.

He insists that he did not appreciate the tremendous popular interest in such a feat, and was overwhelmed and bewildered by the attention he found concentrated upon himself from the time he landed at Copenhagen.

Yet at the time, he declares, he believed his own story. Now, in the light of reflection, he is not so positive. It would be impossible, he says, for any man to assert positively that he had reached the spot where all meridians meet.

It is in a series of four articles to be published in Hampton's Magazine that Cook discusses this and other phases of the drama which absorbed the world in the months that stretched between his reception at the Danish capital and the last tense days at the Hotel Gramatan in Bronxville.

The writer pays particular attention to the psychology of his life at that time. In fact, he goes back years into his past to trace the desire for exploration that finally became a resistless craving, driving him on and on, regardless of perils, through the isolation and suffering of the two years he spent behind the ice wall in the north. For Cook declines to admit that he did not pay the price of the explorer, even if he failed to win the laurels.

Among the remarkable facts brought out by Cook's story is that all the time he has been missing he has never worn a disguise, and has never taken unusual precaution to conceal his identity. Part of the time his wife has been with him, and part of the time his children. The children are now at a retreat in France, and Cook and his wife are in Europe.

WOMAN QUITS $3500 JOB

Law Clerk in Government Employ to Take Up Practice of Law

Washington, Dec. 2.—The highest salaried woman in the government service, Miss Annie H. Shortridge, has resigned the position of law clerk in the office of the solicitor of the state department in order to practice law. Miss Shortridge, in September, 1909, was appointed to the place just relinquished at an annual salary of $3500.

Miss Shortridge was born in Scotland. In early life she went to New York and was employed for some time as a stenographer. In July, 1903, she was appointed a clerk in the department of justice in this city, and while there she studied law.

INAUGURATION OF DIAZ

Sworn In as President of Mexico For the Eighth Time

Mexico City, Dec. 2.—With simple ceremonies General Diaz took the oath of office as president of the republic of Mexico for the eighth time. In view of the disturbances through which the country has recently passed the inauguration was not marked by the season of fiestas which has accompanied it in former years, but was conducted with the same formal dignity and impressiveness.

Following the induction of Diaz, the oath was administered to Ramon Corral, re-elected to the vice presidency. The president and vice president than went to the national palace, where they received the congratulations of diplomats, government officials and private delegations.

Second Attempt to Rob Bank

Richmond, Me., Dec. 2.—Burglars attempted to rob the First National bank for the second time within a week. At midnight Watchman Taylor discovered two men opening the outer door to the bank. As they were fitting keys to the inner door the watchman fired and the two men ran.

Governors to Meet in Jersey

Louisville, Dec. 2.—New Jersey is to entertain the next conference of governors of the states of the union. The 1911 gathering will convene at Spring Lake, N. J., the first Tuesday in September.

LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

He Declares Railways Spend Too Much Cash

ACCEPTS CHALLENGE

Brandeis Offers to Show Railroads How to Save Their Money

Washington, Nov. 30.—In reply to the offer of several western railroads to employ him at his own salary if he could show them, as he claimed he could, how American railroads could save $1,000,000 a day, Louis D. Brandeis of Boston telegraphed that, without any charge to them, he would be glad to meet and point out to a conference or conferences of eastern and western railroad presidents how such saving could be effected.

Mr. Brandeis is here representing certain shipping organizations in the freight rate increase hearing being conducted before the interstate commerce commission.

MAINE BANK ENJOINED

Move by Examiner to Protect People's Safe Deposit and Savings

Bath, Me., Nov. 29.—The People's Safe Deposit and Savings bank was closed by an injunction issued by Associate Justice Savage of the supreme court on petition of State Bank Examiner Skelton.

Mr. Skelton explained that the action was not taken because of lack of confidence in the institution or its officers, but for the reason that the bank has not made any gain in deposits for some time; that there is such a strong competition in this vicinity for business and the bank was not on a firm enough basis to compete with the other banks.

Justice Savage ordered a hearing to be held on Dec. 27 and that an injunction be issued pending the hearing, restraining the bank from proceeding further with its business except the collection of moneys due it. The injunction was served and no further business will be done pending an order from the court.

MICHAEL CUDAHY DEAD

Founder of One of Largest Packing Concerns in the Country

Chicago, Nov. 28.—Michael Cudahy, founder of the packing firm bearing his name, died here last night of pneumonia. He had been ill for five days.

Mr. Cudahy was born in Ireland, Dec. 7, 1841. He came to the United States with his parents in 1849, and the family settled in Milwaukee.

When a boy of 15 he became an employe in a Milwaukee packing house. He attracted the attention of the late P. D. Armour, and at Armour's solicitation came to Chicago.

In 1873 he was made a partner in the firm of Armour & Co., and continued in this connection until 1890, when he aided in organizing the Cudahy Packing company of which he was made president. His brothers, Joseph and Patrick, were associated with him.

MOVE TO BREAK UP THE SUGAR COMBINE

Dissolution Suit Is Filed by the Federal Government

New York, Nov. 29.—A bill in equity to dissolve the American Sugar Refining company, known as the sugar trust, because it is a monopoly conducted in restraint of trade, was filed in the United States circuit court for the southern district of New York by United States District Attorney Wise.

A perpetual injunction is asked restraining the company from paying dividends and the stockholders from exercising any privileges as stockholders. The petition charges an unlawful combination and conspiracy in dominating and fixing the selling price of raw sugars effected by forty-nine defendants, corporations and individuals in nine states.

The petition describes the manner in which the trust acquired smaller concerns and how by selling sugars for less than cost the company was able to force factories to close down, driving competitors into selling their interests to the trust.

Death of President Buckham

Burlington, Vt., Nov. 30.—Matthew H. Buckham, for thirty-nine years president of the University of Vermont, is dead. He had long been ill from bronchitis. He was born in Hinckley, Eng., in 1832.

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF

Industrial Trust Company,

(CONDENSED)

As Made Under Call of the Bank Commissioner, Nov. 10, 1910

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts,		$19,350,857 70
Real Estate Mortgages,		3,721,113 48
Bonds and Stocks,		13,761,379 12
Real Estate,		870,000 00
Call Loans,	$4,502,176 24	
Due from Banks, Bankers and Treasurer of U. S.,	4,603,068 34	
Cash in Vaults,	1,818,755 15	10,923,999 73
		$48,627,350 03

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock,	$3,000,000 00
Surplus,	3,000,000 00
Undivided Profits,	561,843 03
Reserved for Additions and Improvements to Building,	211,300 22
Reserved Interest,	280,513 66
Deposits,	41,573,693 12
	$48,627,350 03

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143 Thames Street PHONE 1183

If You Want a Fine HAT

You can find it here at $3.98, in

SATIN, VELVET and FELT FULLY TRIMMED.

And if you want an

Untrimmed Velvet, Satin or Felt Hat

You'll find it here at $1.98

These are all choice goods.

WE ALSO HAVE CHEAPER GOODS.

A full line of BEAVER HATS.

Headquarters for OSTRICH FEATHERS and NOVELTIES.

STOP IN AT THE

POSTAL STATION ON BROADWAY

and get some of those

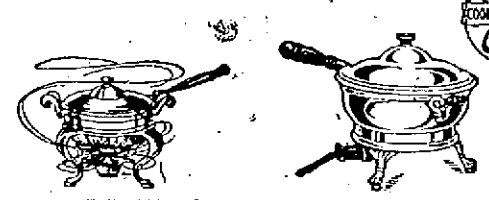
LENOX CHOCOLATES

You will be pleased and so will we.

S. S. THOMPSON,

172—176 BROADWAY.

CHAFING DISHES



With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.

SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

—AND—

Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO. 311

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co's are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Oculists' prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1-27 9:00 a. m.—6:00 p. m.

Furnished Cottages

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Real Estate Agent.

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WASHINGTON SQUARE.

OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

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Newly furnished suites with bath up to date. Rates, $3 up. Special Rates by the Week.

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SUCCESSFUL boarding house-keeper to hire or manage successful country hotel

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27 CLARKE STREET.

The most modern and up to date House in the City.

A perfect House for Permanent or Transient Guests.

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A Full Line of all the

NEW

AND

Improved Varieties

OF

VEGETABLE SEEDS

FOR SALE BY

Fernando Barker.

FAMOUS NOVELISTS.

What Some of Them Did Before They Took to Writing.

Among those novelists who studied law we have Fielding, Scott, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Blackmore, Washington Irving, George Meredith, Robert Grant, Henry James, Anthony Hope, Rider Haggard and Owen Wister. Journalism, which Mr. Kipling once defined as the one legitimate branch of the profession, is represented by Dickens, David Christie Murray, William Black, J. M. Barrie, Marion Crawford, George W. Cable, Stephen Crane, George Barr McCutcheon, Frank Norris, Richard Harding Davis and David Graham Phillips. The navy and merchant marine have given us Smollet, Captain Marryat, Fenimore Cooper, Clark Russell, Joseph Conrad and Morgan Robertson. Artists and architects include Thackeray, Du Maurier, Hopkinson Smith, Robert Chambers, Thomas Hardy and William J. Locke. Medicine and theology are not so well represented. Under the former head we recall for the moment only Smollett (naval surgeon), Holmes, S. Weir Mitchell and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle; under the latter, Sterne, Charles Kingsley, Henry van Dyke, Edward Everett Hale, Ian Maclaren, Ralph Connor and Thomas Dixon. College professors who have either given up their chairs to become novelists or have found time for occasional novels in the midst of their other duties are Sir Walter Besant, Robert Herrick and Brander Matthews.—Bookman.

A BLOOD TAX.

Payment by a French Town to Spain For an Ancient Crime.

Seven hundred years ago some shepherds of the valley of Roncal, in Navarre, were murdered by shepherds of the valley of Bareton, in Bearn, the crime taking place on the high pasture lands of Arlas, in the Pyrenees. It would have been difficult to bring the murderers individually to justice, and the Spaniards were preparing to make war upon the valley from which the French murderers had come when the French villages proposed that peace be maintained at the price of a yearly tax or tribute, to endure for all time, and this proposition was accepted.

The payment of this blood tax—originally three white mares, but later three cows of a particular breed and color—has been made ever since, the custom (it is nothing more) having survived even the great wars in which both France and Spain have engaged and the storm of the French revolution.

Yearly the representative men of the two valleys meet on the frontier at a certain stone remote from any town and go through the ceremony of presenting and receiving the cattle. The order of procedure, which is elaborate and impressive, is fixed by a document bearing the date 1375, though the tax was paid a hundred years prior to that time. The records of each yearly meeting and payment are duly attested and deposited in the archives of the Roncalais.—New York Tribune.

The Sanity of Paris.

The French live within their means and by a sense of economy wholly unknown to us manage to save and retire to enjoy whatever fortune has stored up for them, says F. Berkeley Smith in Success Magazine. To them France is sufficient. They voyage rarely and gamble less. The spendthrift or the man who plunges on the bourse, the races and the gaming table is regarded by the masses in the light of a rogue and a fool. The Parisians work hard enough for their leisure, but they never eliminate it nor allow their work to encroach upon their traditional daily vacation, as luncheon, the apéritif hour, dinner and fête days. They work, not to amass millions and die in harness, but to save enough to give their daughter her dot, without which she may never marry; start their son in his chosen trade and have enough income left to retire before they are too old to enjoy their freedom.

Old and Modern Customs.

Palm Sunday in certain places is called "Fig Sunday" from the custom of eating figs on this day, as snapdragons on Christmas eve, plum pudding on Christmas day, oranges and barley sugar on St. Valentine's eve, pancakes on Shrove Tuesday, salt codfish on Ash Wednesday, frumenty on "Mothering Sunday" (mid-Lent), cross buns on Good Friday, gooseberry tart on Whitsunday, goose on Michaelmas day, nuts on Allhallows, and so on.—New York American.

Leading the Leader.

A very small boy was trying to lead a big St. Bernard dog up the road.

"Where are you going to take the dog, my little man?" inquired a passerby.

"I—I'm going to see where—where he wants to go first," was the breathless reply.—Argonaut.

An Exceptional Case.

"What are you doing these days?"

"Playing the horses."

"No money in that."

"Yes, there is. I get $2 a night for imitating hoof beats in a melodrama."—Washington Herald.

Her Bad Habit.

"I don't like that woman."

"Why not?"

"She's the woman who is all the time teaching my wife a new way of serving up cold meat."—Detroit Free Press.

Integrity without knowledge is weak and useless, and knowledge without integrity is dangerous and dreadful.—Johnson

Not at All Necessary.

"What was the cause of the quarrel with your husband?"

"I want you to understand, judge, that when we want to fight we don't have to have a cause."—New York Press.

A sip is the most that mortals are permitted from any goblet of delight.—Alcott.

REPUBLICS IN GERMANY.

Three City States Whose Constitutions the Empire Respects.

Hamburg, Bremen and Lubeck are theoretically three republics which have for the mutual convenience of themselves and the empire come under the rule of the kaiser in all but purely local affairs. As they had joined the north German confederation, which was formed after Prussia's victory in 1866, there was nothing left for them to do but to give their allegiance to its successor, the empire.

Each is represented in the bundesrath, or federal council, as well as in the reichstag, and each retains the republican principle in its local legislation. The Hamburg senate may have fallen from its highest estate, but it still lives and legislates concurrently with the house of burgesses. The burgomaster of Hamburg remains the great man in the estimate of the Hamburg people, the inheritor of the great traditions of the Hansa. Bremen and Lubeck have constitutions in consimilip with Hamburg.

A wise empire respects the constitutions of these city states and refrains from any action hinting of the application of the steam roller in pursuit of harmony. The survivors of the Hansa have been more fortunate than some other republics of continental Europe. They have outlived several that had hopes of being left ignored in their republicanism.

Cracow was once a republic, but, being surrounded by Austrian possessions, was finally swallowed up in 1846. Since that time it has been a city of Austrian Poland.—Boston Transcript.

DROWNED THE MUSIC.

The Audience Was Angry, and Theodore Thomas Was Obstinate.

Theodore Thomas once undertook to raise a subscription fund for a series of concerts in San Francisco, but only $10,000 had been raised, and the enterprise hung fire. Then he announced that Emma Thursby would sing at each concert, and the guarantee fund promptly went up to $50,000.

Thomas had a rule against encores for soloists. They were allowed to appear and bow in recognition of applause, but that was all. The San Franciscans held that as it was Miss Thursby's engagement which was responsible for the raising of the fund they were entitled to encore her if they chose. Thomas, however, insisted stubbornly on his rule.

On the last night a determined effort was made to encore her. She appeared again and again, bowing her thanks, and each time the applause increased instead of diminishing. At last the audience began to shout its demands instead of merely applauding, and Miss Thursby turned to Thomas and said, "What shall I do?"

"Keep on bowing if you have to bow all night," snapped Thomas grimly.

And she went out and bowed again. This time Thomas directed the orchestra to go ahead with the final number. The audience, thoroughly indignant, shouted down the music, but Thomas was inflexible. The orchestra went on playing, utterly unheard, in a pandemonium of shouted protests. And it was probably the only time that a Thomas number fell on deaf ears.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Venetian Fashion.

Fashions were no less eccentric four centuries ago than they are today. "Before the streets of Venice were paved (in the thirteenth century)," says Mr. William Boulting in "Woman In Italy," "ladies went though the mud and filth on pattens. The custom was retained, and in spite of sumptuary laws the patten became heightened until women of rank stood on false feet half a yard high in the sixteenth century. They were unable to walk without the support of one or two gentlemen or servants."

A curiosity in banquets is mentioned by the same writer. It was a wedding feast at Milan and consisted of fifteen courses, "each being introduced by living specimens of the animals that composed it."

Tale of a Snake.

"Before he went fishin'," said the town story teller, "he swallowed 'bout a pint an' half of snake bite remedy, an' of course you know what that is. Well, after the snake bit him the reptile cut all sorts of capers, kaze the remedy went straight to its head. Last thing it tried to do wuz to swaller its tail, an' it got itself in the form of a hoop, an' I'm a liar of the children didn't roll it around all day!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Her Only Want.

"I have difficulty in satisfying my wife. She has a thousand wants."

"I have difficulty in satisfying mine, and she has only one want."

"What is it?"

"Money."—Baltimore American.

Consistency.

Mother—Aren't you goin' to wash up them tea things, Mariaranne, before you go out? Daughter—No, I ain't. I'm late enough for "mother's 'elp" class as it is.—London Opinion.

Modernity.

"Some are so intensely modern that they prefer a Corot to a Rembrandt."

"If it's a better hill climber I don't blame 'em. Me for the French car every time."—London Punch.

His Biggest Mistake.

"What was the biggest mistake you ever made?"

"Thinking I was too foxy to make a big mistake."—Cleveland Leader.

There is something more awful in happiness than in sorrow.—Hawthorne.

Quick Both Ways.

A Scotch laird once said to his servant, John, who had complained of his temper, "I am sure, John, it is nae suner on than it's off."

"Aye," said John; "but, laird, it's nae suner off than it's on."

Mercy turns her back to the unmerciful.—Quarles.

PURE GLYCERIN.

It Is a Queer Substance Endowed With Peculiar Properties.

One of the great advantages of glycerin in its chemical employment is the fact that it neither freezes nor evaporates under any ordinary temperature. No perceptible loss by evaporation has been detected at a temperature less than 200 degrees F., but if heated intensely it decomposes with a smell that few persons find themselves able to endure. It burns with a pale flame, similar to that from alcohol, if heated to about 300 degrees and then ignited. Its nonevaporative qualities make the compound of much use as a vehicle for holding pigments and colors, as in stamping and typewriter ribbons, carbon papers and the like.

If the pure glycerin be exposed for a long time to a freezing temperature it crystallizes with the appearance of sugar candy, but these crystals being once melted it is almost an impossibility to get them again into the congealed state. If a little water be added to the glycerin no crystallization will take place, though under a sufficient degree of cold the water will separate and form crystals, amid which the glycerin will remain in its natural state of fluidity. If suddenly subjected to intense cold pure glycerin will form a gummy mass which cannot be entirely hardened or crystallized. Altogether it is quite a peculiar substance.

DON'T GET TOO SEDATE.

Play Is as Good For Grown Persons as For Children.

Play is just as necessary to keep a grown man young and a middle aged man from growing old as it is to make a child grow into a man. Wordsworth's lines are as sound physiology as good poetry:

My heart leaps up when I behold
The rainbow in the sky.
So was it when my life began;
So be it when I am a man
Or let me die.

In childhood we play because we are young, in middle age we are young because we play, and if we keep it up we shall never know that we are old until we are one day suddenly dead. Yet the absurd idea has grown up, and Mrs. Grundy has adopted it with her usual fatuousness, that play is something undignified in a grown man and unbecoming in a lady. And this unfortunately is one of the rare instances where "thinking makes it so." After a man has practiced this belief in the uselessness of exercise for half a decade or so and become fat and pompous and red faced or pale and slack muscled and short winded then the contortions that he indulges in when he decides to unbend and try to play furnish considerably more entertainment to spectators than to himself.—Dr. Woods Hutchinson in Outing.

Her Evidence.

"I had a colored woman before me as a complaining witness," said a criminal court judge. "She had a man held for trial by a city magistrate on the charge that he had attacked her with a pair of scissors. 'He mout' near gouge mah eye out, jedge,' she said to me. 'Jes' come at me lak a lion, he did, a-roarin', sub. He poke me in de face wiv dem scissors, jedge, not once, but for four or five times. He jes' cut up my face lak it was a yahd of ribbon, jedge. The magistrate what held him to dis heah court says he nevah did hear tell of no more dangerous man.'

"Well, I looked her over. She had a wide, smooth, yellow face that didn't have a mark on it. I told her to repeat her story, and she went all over it again, telling how the man had slashed her face with that pair of scissors.

"But, madam,' I said, 'there isn't a mark on your face.'

"'Marks!' said she indignantly. 'Marks! What I care for marks, lem me ask you dat? I got witnesses, I tell you.'"—New York Cor. Cincinnati Times-Star.

She Had Courage.

A self possessed young woman who knew no French strolled into one of the larger downtown cafes. She spoke to the waiter in that decisive tone which distinguishes the initiated and glanced over the French bill of fare with the nonchalant air of a Parisienne.

"I'll have," she began firmly as she plunged into the sea of French dishes—"I'll have—let me see. Oh, yes, I'll have some bisque tortoni, a sultana roll, pommes de terre and a little of that fromage. And, garcon, you might as well bring me a cup of coffee."

The waiter gasped. He started to speak, but the young woman froze him with one of those icy stares peculiar to the thoroughly sophisticated.

And the order arrived—two kinds of ices, boiled potatoes and a piece of cheese. But she ate it as if she had been used to that sort of diet all her life.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Stories on Doctors.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle told several good stories of old fashioned practitioners he knew. There was one man, he said, who never used to wash out the half emptied bottles returned to him, but emptied them into one huge jar, from which he dispensed this mixture of medicines to his more obscure patients. "It is like grapeshot," he said; "one of them is sure to hit." There was another man who used to say, "When my patients are alive I don't know what is the matter with them and when they die I don't know whether they are dead." That was like the medical man who said to a lady whose husband he had been attending, "Madam, I have a very strong belief that your husband is dead, but if it is your wish I have no objection to a consultation."

His Impression.

Mrs. Knicker—Now, will you remember everything, John? Knicker—Yep. I'm to turn the flowers out at night and sprinkle the cat.—Harper's Bazar.

TOURISTS IN JAPAN.

Troubles of Those Ignorant of the Language and Native Ways.

All Japanese inns, of course, charge a great deal more to the globe trotting European tourist who does not speak the language, since he or she is not content to travel strictly a la Japonaise and worries the entire household with a variety of strange demands—extra quilts to sleep on because they find the floor hard, an improvised pillow, special food (the ordinary guest takes what is given him and at the hour that his host pleases and is thankful), knives, forks and spoons because he has neglected to practice eating his food with chopsticks, a bath with fresh water in it because he will not follow the custom of entering the bath as soon as he arrives, thus getting the opportunity of first bath and the water while it is fresh, and half a dozen other requirements. He reserves his chadai also until he leaves, and often the host misunderstands this action and, fearing he will get no recompense for his extra trouble, augments the bill accordingly.

These visitors not unusually treat the waitresses like so many novel playthings, especially travelers of the sterner sex, who sometimes fail hopelessly to distinguish between professional geishas and ordinary maidservants.—Vera Collum in Wide World Magazine.

MANYUEMA CANNIBALS.

African Savages That Grind Their Teeth to Sharp Points.

The most terrible species of cannibals living are the cruel, bloodthirsty Manyuema of Tanganyika, in central Africa. Living to the west of Tanganyika, these cannibals, clothed in primitive fashion with a piece of bark cloth rudely hammered out from a neighboring tree, have an appetite for human flesh which is well nigh insatiable.

They exercise the most fiendish cunning in tracking down their quarry, choosing fat, well covered people in preference to those who are lean and bony. Their favorite practice is to waylay their victims at eventide so that they may have before them a long night in which to effectually dispose of their prey by cutting it up into strips and drying it over a low fire in the woods. These dried strips of human flesh are carefully preserved for future use, and on two occasions these grewsome forest food depots were discovered and their owners killed by the Wadpa people, who inhabit east Tanganyika.

Most of these cannibals file their teeth to sharp points so as to enable them more easily to tear the flesh from the bone when they have to eat their abominable meal in a hurry.—Wide World Magazine.

An Unreasonable Friend.

Several young artists in Philadelphia are telling a story on another wielder of the brush who is a fellow member in a little club. One of the rules of the club is that each member must keep his finished paintings up to a certain number. The artist on whom the story is told is noted for his indolence. He keeps up to the requirement regarding the number, but never exceeds it. But for his distaste for work the artist probably would be very comfortably fixed financially, as he has considerable talent. As a matter of fact, he is usually on the edge of penury. Several days ago, when his exchequer was unusually low, a friend visited him in his studio. The friend looked at several of the paintings, while the artist lay on a couch, smoking a pipe.

"I like this," the friend finally said, pointing to one of them. He named a good price which he was willing to pay. The artist looked at him mournfully.

"Aw, don't do that," he said. "If you do I'll have to paint another."—Philadelphia Times.

Ancient Bridge Superstition.

A primitive notion existed among the Romans and other races that a bridge was an offense and injury to the river god, as it saved people from being drowned while fording or swimming across and robbed the deity of a certain number of victims which were his due. For many centuries in Rome propitiatory offerings of human victims were made every year to the Tiber. Men and women were drowned by being bound and flung from the wooden Sublician bridge, which, till nearly the end of the republican period, was the one and only bridge across the Tiber in Rome.

Strategy.

The turkey was not a very large one, and Mrs. Pedagog's boarders began to be a little anxious on the subject of its going around. Finally the last bit was distributed, and the idiot, glancing at his portion, observed that he had drawn the neck and the pope's nose.

"Ah, Mrs. Pedagog," said he, with a genial smile, "you are a wonder at making both ends meat."—Lippincott's.

Looking Ahead.

Young Wife (in passion)—I'm going home to my mother! Husband (calmly)—Very good; here's money for your railway fare. Wife (after counting it)—But that isn't enough for a return ticket.—Every Woman's Magazine.

Early Intimations.

Fond Mother—I'm sure Horace will be a great astronomer when he grows up! This is the third time this week he has cried for the moon!—Bystander.

Set not thyself to attain much rest, but much patience.—Thomas a Kempis.

In the Mining Business.

"I think you said, Rastus, that you had a brother in the mining business in the west?"

"Yeh, boss, that's right."

"What kind of mining—gold mining, silver mining, copper mining?"

"No, sah, none o' those; calcimining."—Everybody's.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

There Was No Applause.

Just before the operation began the operating surgeon said to the students, "Now, gentlemen, no applause, if you please."

When he was convalescing the patient declared that that warning remained his most vivid impression of the ordeal.

"I wondered then how any human being could have the heart to applaud an act that had brought another face to face with death, but later I understood. On account of heart trouble they did not dare administer an anaesthetic, so I was conscious of everything, and in spite of the pain I realized that the surgeon was doing a mighty skillful piece of work. No wonder the students wanted to applaud. They were justified in it.

"'Some years ago they would have clapped the house down after an exhibition of that kind,' an old hospital attendant told me, 'but nowadays doctors discourage any such demonstration.'"—New York Sun.

In the Shadow of Fame.

There are a number of former celebrities who are now running rooming and boarding houses in New York city. Many a singer, actress or writer who formerly held a place in the public eye has now settled down to the prosaic occupation of housing and feeding a small portion of that same public. Their houses are a magnet for young persons with the artistic temperament. One woman who once enjoyed a fair reputation as a violinist has five furnished apartments which she sublets room by room to aspirants for dramatic, operatic and literary honors. Reflected glory rather than physical comfort is the portion of most of these satellites, but the privilege of hobnobbing with yesterday's greatness compensates for material discomfort.—New York Press.

Cicero on Wit.

There are witty sayings which carry a concealed suspicion of ridicule, of which sort is that of the Sicilian who, when a friend of his made lamentaton to him saying that his wife had hanged herself upon a fig tree, said, "I beseech you give me some shoots of that tree that I may plant them." Of the same sort is what Crassus said to a certain bad orator who, when he imagined that he had excited compassion at the close of a speech, asked our friend here after he had sat down whether he appeared to have raised pity in the audience. "Very great pity," replied Crassus, "for I believe that there is no one here so hard hearted but that your speech seemed pitiable to him."—Cicero's Oratory.

A Strange Likeness.

An extraordinary resemblance has recently been discovered at the London Natural History Museum between a specimen of the huge African elephant and the pygmy shrew mouse. Sir E. Ray Lankester suggested comparison of the two, and the result has been that practically every bone, muscle, blood vessel and nerve of the giant beast has been found identically reproduced in the little animal, which is scarcely two inches in length. In the museum a stuffed mouse has been placed between the fore feet of its enormous mounted prototype for the purpose of showing the curious likeness.

The Trouble.

"So she doesn't return your affection, eh? Well, I shouldn't get mad about that. What's the use of bothering about a girl?" said Watkins.

"I don't mind her not returning my affection," said Dobleigh, "but, confound it, she won't return my diamond ring, either!"—Harper's Weekly.

When a Joke's Not a Joke.

To the joker who writes jokes for a living it isn't much of a joke when the editor can't take a joke.—Lippincott's.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Forgery In Excelsis.

The most remarkable literary forgery on record was perpetrated in 1870 on Michael Chasles, a French scientist of European reputation. Chasles, who was in his dotage, purchased within a few years from one Vrain-Lucas no fewer than 27,000 autographs. A. M. Broadley tells the story in his "Chats on Autographs:" "Beginning with a supposed correspondence between the youthful Newton and Pascal, Vrain-Lucas proceeded to fabricate letters of Rabelais, Montesquieu and La Bruyere. Before he had finished M. Chasles became the possessor of letters in French, and written on paper made in France, of Julius Caesar, Cleopatra, Mary Magdalene and even of Lazarus after his resurrection." Vrain-Lucas was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and among other forged manuscripts from his pen there were produced in court letters from Alexander the Great, Herod, Pompey, Judas Iscariot, Sappho, Pontius Pilate and Joan of Arc!

The Llama With a Saddle.

In his native country the llama is trained as a beast of burden, and in this capacity is very useful for, hard and wiry by nature, he can carry as much as a 160 pounds. As a mount, too, he is quite easy to train. Indeed, both the llama and the oneiko take to the saddle as to the manner born when once they have assured themselves that their teacher wishes them well. Their most striking peculiarity as saddle animals, however, is a strong objection to having their heads in any way pulled about by their riders. So long as their mouths are left alone they will amble along quite contentedly at a fair rate of speed, but if they are ridden by some one with a heavy hand they show a tendency to stop at once, whipping round in a manner distinctly disconcerting to those who do not quite realize what is going to happen.—Wide World Magazine.

Turn About.

In a certain southern city the colored servants, as a rule, go to their own homes at night. The cook in the family of a clergyman not only does this, but of late has arrived at the rectory too late to cook breakfast. Hence her mistress lately told her that for each breakfast missed there would be a reduction in her weekly wages. Dinah passively assented to this, but next day the mistress heard the maid next door say to her:

"'Pears to me you get to work mighty late."

"I gets to work when I gets ready," was the reply.

"How does you manage about de brekfus?"

"Oh, I pays de missus to cook de brekfus.'"—Housekeeper.

A Schoolboy's Story of Jonah.

A school board boy, competing for one of the Peek prizes, evolved this confusion of widely different events. He had to write a short biography of Jonah, and he produced the following: "He was the father of Lot and had two wives. One was called Ishmale and the other Hagber. He kept one at home and turned the other into the dessert, when she became a pillow of salt in the daytime and a pillow of fire at night."—From Wheatley's "Literary Blunders."

Her Diplomacy.

"You could make my future brighter," he said, looking at her longingly.

"I could say the same," she replied, looking down.

"How?" he asked eagerly.

"Well, an engagement ring with a diamond in it would help some," she admitted.—Boston Herald.

What She Did Wish.

"Well, why don't you say you wish you were a man?" asked Mr. Potts during a little discussion he was having with his spouse about some matters of domestic management.

"Because I don't wish anything of the sort," she retorted; "I only wish you were one!"

SETTLED OUT OF COURT.

Racing For the Honest Lawyer In a Town In Denmark.

In telling of his boyhood home in Denmark, "The Old Town," Jacob A. Riis says that he does not remember that there were at any time more than two lawyers in the place. One was good, the other bad—not a bad lawyer perhaps, but reputed to be tricky, whereas the other was known to be honor itself.

If is therefore perhaps the best character I can give my people when I record the fact, writes Mr. Riis, that when two farmers quarreled, each sure that he was right, they made haste to hitch up to get first to the honest lawyer, and usually that was the end of the quarrel, for the last in the race was willing to make peace.

They used to tell of two well to do neighbors who had fallen out over a line fence and started simultaneously for town. Both had good teams, and they were well matched in the race.

For half an hour they drove silently alongside, each on his own side of the road, grimly urging on their horses, but neither gaining a length. At last as the lights of the town came into sight, for it was evening, a trace broke on one of the rigs, and the horses stopped. The other team whirled away in a cloud of dust.

"Hans," the beaten one called after him, and he halted and looked back, "are you going after Lawyer ——?" naming the square one.

"I am that!" came back.

"Then let's go back. I'm beat." And back home they went and made it up.

A MERCENARY MARRIAGE.

Romance of Lady March and the Second Duke of Richmond.

One of the mercenary marriages which turned out happily was that of the second Duke of Richmond. He was married to Lady Sarah Cadogan as part of an agreement that her father's gambling debts should be canceled, Lord March (as he then was) being eighteen and the bride thirteen. Immediately after the wedding Lord March's tutor took him off to the continent for the grand tour, and Lady Sarah went back to her nursery. This is the sequel as told by Lady Russell in "The Rose Goddess:"

"Three years elapsed. Lord March returned from his travels, but, having such an uninteresting recollection of his bride, was in no hurry to claim her and went the first evening of his return to London to the opera. There he noticed that all eyes—and lorgnettes—were directed to one box, where, surrounded by several persons, sat a most beautiful young creature. Turning to a man beside him, he asked who she was. 'You must be a stranger in London,' was the answer, 'not to know the reigning toast of the town, the beautiful Lady March!' Lord March lost no time in going to the box and introducing himself to his bride, with whom he ever after lived so affectionately that their devotion to one another became proverbial."

Cruelty to Women.

We wonder what death the man will die or what tortured life he will be caused to lead who discovered the little "trick" by which a woman's age can be ascertained beyond a doubt—that is to say, while her health is normal. The only instrument required is an ordinary watch. The wrist of the lady whose age is in question is the telltale, for when you count her pulse and it registers sixty-nine beats per minute you know that she is between twenty and twenty-five years old. During the next five years seventy-one beats go to the minute, and the "femme de trente ans" and over is entitled to seventy throbs. It is a pity the man of science who established these facts is not more exact when dealing with the women of riper age, for, according to rumor and tradition, it is only after she is thirty that a woman begins to leave off having birthdays.—Westminster Gazette.

Dropping Coaches on the Run.

The ingenious means by which one of the great railroad systems of England drops passenger coaches off at intermediate stations without slowing up the locomotive, even for a fraction of a second, in its speed of sixty or more miles an hour is called the "slip coach" system and is described in Popular Mechanics. It is a system never tried in America and consists in dropping or "slipping," one or more of the rear coaches just before the station is reached. Undoubtedly many American tourists in England after alighting at their destination have been amazed to discover that the coach which they occupied was still beside them, while the locomotive and the remainder of the train were nowhere to be seen.

The Dinner Table of Old France.

Could we restore for half an hour the dinner table of old France and obtain half a dozen instantaneous photographs of a royal banquet at any era between the reign of Francis I. and Louis XIV. such laughter would be heard as might disturb the serenity of Louis in paradise. The duchess, her napkin tied securely around her neck, would be seen nibbling a bone, the noble marquis surreptitiously scratching himself, the belle marquise withdrawing her spoon from her lips to help a neighbor to sauce with it, another fair creature scouring her plate with her bread, a gallant courtier using his doublet or the tablecloth as a towel for his fingers and two footmen holding a yard of damask under a lady's chin while she emptied her goblet at a draft. All of these at one era or another were the usages of polite society. During a feast of inordinate length it was sometimes necessary to substitute a clean cloth for the one which the carelessness or bad manners of the guests had reduced to a deplorable condition.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

ARTISTS' EMBLEMS.

In Whistler's Butterfly Could Be Found the Monogram J. W.

The mystic emblem or device of a sort of Whistlerized butterfly was adopted in the sixties by the eccentric genius James Abbott Whistler, who changed his name later to James McNeill Whistler.

Close study will reveal that this peculiar scroll is really a monogram of J. W. The earliest of the etchings to bear the butterfly is "Chelsea Wharf" (1863), but many paintings and etchings after that date are signed "Whistler."

Artists have sometimes signed their pictures in some distinct form instead of their names. It generally was done when the name might suggest some emblem or symbol.

Thus Hieronymus Cock demarked two fighting cocks on his panels; Mariotto Albertinelli signed a cross with two interlaced rings, referring to the sacerdotal duties to which at one time of his life he devoted himself; Martin Rota, a wheel; Pieter de Ryng, a ring with a diamond; Giovanni Dossi, a bone; Del Mazo Martinez, a hammer; Lionello Spada, a sword.

Sometimes caprice dictated the selection, as when Jacopo de Barberi used the caduceus, or Mercury rod; Hendrik de Bles an owl. Lucas Cranach a crowned serpent, Cornelius Engelbrechtsen a peculiar device resembling a weather vane and Hans Holbein a skull.

HIS GREAT IDEA.

The Tin Plated Tomato and the Moral That Goes With It.

"A good theory that won't work isn't half as good as a poor one that will.

"Twenty years ago a young man just out of college had a great idea. He was going to tin plate tomatoes. There was to be no more troublesome paring and cooking and canning to preserve tomatoes throughout winters. It would be necessary only to drop a nice ripe tomato into his tinning solution and it would come out coated with tin and would keep for twenty years. In fact, there wasn't any reason why it should not keep forever! The young inventor figured it would cost him 50 cents a gallon to make this tinning solution. It surely would sell for $2 a gallon. Every one eats tomatoes—that is, nearly every one. Everybody would eat them if they could always have a nice tin plated tomato lying around. He ought to sell a million gallons a year. That would be a profit of a million and a half dol— Well, no tin plated tomatoes are on the market yet, and the man who invented them is still making only $15 a week.

"The moral of this is that whenever you hear of a great idea that is going to reform or uplift the world make sure that it is not of the tin plated tomato brand.—Chicago Tribune.

A Lottery Romance.

A few years ago, as the date for the drawing of the annual Christmas lottery at Madrid was approaching, a poor mechanic of Corunna was awakened three consecutive nights by the number 125,369, apparently spoken in his ear. So impressed was he by the repetition of the incident that he wrote down the number and jocularly said to his wife, "That number will win the first prize in the great lottery." "Then why don't you buy the ticket?" his wife answered jokingly as she looked at the figures. "Why, see, if you add them together they just come to my age. I shall be thirty-one on Christmas day." The ticket, after much trouble, was found it had been rejected a few minutes earlier by a wealthy citizen of Corunna and bought, and before many days had passed the mechanic and his wife were made jubilant by the news that the ticket had won the first prize of £200,000.—London Globe.

Stage Fright.

The curtain rose for the first act of "Thrilling Dangers," a three act drama, which was about to be produced before a large audience in one of Manayunk's small theaters.

"Now, Swifty," said the stage manager to a keen and ardent young amateur, "it is your turn to go on the stage. All you have to say when the pistol is fired by the villain, is 'Hark, 'tis the pistol.' You have no other words at all. Now, my boy, do yourself proud.

With these words from the stage manager "Swifty" stalked toward the stage. Likewise, the villain entered.

"Swifty" stood in the wings petrified with stage fright. The sharp and constrained crash of a pistol shot smote upon his ears.

"Good heavens!" he cried, rushing on the stage, "what's that?"

Popularity of Thais.

"Every other young actress is calling herself Thais," said Henry E Dixey at a dinner at Mouquin's. "Thais McGinnis, Thais Edicott, Thais Schmidt—the thing is universal.

"Universal and ridiculous; for they who have read Anatole France's story of 'Thais' know that she was a very naughty little girl, indeed. I am quite sure that no real reader of 'Thais' would ever, under any circumstances consent to be such a name.

"It makes me think of a man who, taking his infant daughter to be baptized, told the clergyman to call her Venus.

"But I refuse to call her Venus,' said the clergyman, indignantly. 'Venus is the name of a pagan goddess.'

"'Well, how about your own girl, Diana?' said the man."

Bargains.

Uncle Hiram—So ye won't pay 50 cents to see "High Life In New York" at the opery house to-night?

Uncle Eben—Not much, when I kin wait till next week an' see "Low Life In Paris" fer a quarter.—Puck.

Unselfish.

Mrs. Backbay—Why are you leaving us, Bridget?

Boston Cook—Me reasons are philanthropic. I want to give some wan else a chance at the joys of living with you.—Harper's Bazar.

The Hotel Glass Grinder.

"What surprised me most in an inspection trip through one of your famous hotels," said an out of town man "was the white haired man at his wheel grinding minute nicks out of glassware. The manager told me this man was busy eight hours a day and still couldn't keep up with the procession of nicked glasses that were brought to him. The finest roughness is at once noticed by the well trained waiters at this hotel, and it's as much as a waiter's place is worth to put a nicked glass before a guest. Sometimes the merest touch of the rough place to the grindstone is all that's necessary to make some expensive piece of glass as good as new. All sizes and descriptions of wineglasses were waiting for the experienced grinder's attention the day I went through the establishment, and finger bowls, carafes and glass pitchers were on shelves beside him. It was somehow a branch of hotel life I hadn't counted on seeing, and when I find a piece of nicked glass at a hotel nowadays I take it for granted they're not employing a glass grinder by the year to keep their glassware in perfect order."—New York Sun.

Heads and Tail.

The visit of Halley's comet recalls an incident that took place many years ago, when another great comet was visible nightly in the sky. A well known astronomer and mathematician was on his way home one evening, after having spent an hour or two in an observatory, looking through a telescope at the celestial wanderer. Directly opposite him in the car sat a man with a loud voice, whose misinformation concerning comets would have supplied the material for a library, and who appeared to be talking for the benefit of the passengers. The astronomer listened patiently for a time. Then he said in a low tone to the man sitting next to him:

"Our friend on the other side of the aisle reminds me somewhat of a comet himself."

"How so?"

"He is emptying his head to make a long tale."—Youth's Companion.

"Hangar," the Airship Word.

"Hangar," denoting a shed for airships, is taken from the French, who use it also to denote a shed for cars and wagons, especially among farmers. The word is not Celtic. It was much used in the Middle Ages to denote the service exacted from country people in forwarding government couriers. We first hear the word in the fifth century before Christ, in Eschylus, Herodotus and Xenephon. They got the word from Persia, where it denoted the king's courier. This word, "angaros," whether originally really meaning a messenger or a burden, should not be confounded with the term, "angel," which is Greek, while "angaros" is Persian. English dictionaries will throw light upon the subject in the article "angariation." Few words have shown resistance than this Persian postal term.

A Lost Book.

Among the Somalis of Africa there is a legend that when God first made them, a man and a woman, he wrote down in a book the law they were to follow. They were promised that as long as they carefully preserved this book they should continue great and powerful, but if they lost it their greatness would depart from them. One day the book was carelessly left lying outside a tent, where a bullock found and devoured it. From that fatal day their decadence set in, and to the present time whenever an ox dies of disease or is killed his entrails are religiously examined to see if any trace of the book can be found. If found they believe they should recover their lost power.

Tale of a Snake.

"Before he went fishin'," said the town story teller, "he swallowed 'bout a pint an' half of snake bite remedy, an' of course you know what that is. Well, after the snake bit him the reptile cut all sorts of capers, kaze the remedy went straight to its head. Last thing it tried to do wuz to swallar its tail, an' it got itself in the form of a hoop, an' I'm a liar of the children didn't roll it around all day!"—Atlanta Constitution.

How the Greeks Bake.

A very primitive oven is used by the Greek peasants for baking bread. A fire is first lit inside to heat the fabric; then the embers are raked out and the dough placed within. When the oven grows cool the bread is supposed to be baked. All the ovens are situated in the open air, and several houses usually share one between them.—Wide World Magazine.

Idleness.

It is an undoubted truth that the less one has to do the less one finds time to do it in. One yawns, one procrastinates, one can do it when one will, and therefore one seldom does it at all, whereas those who have a great deal of business must buckle to it, and then they always find time enough to do it in.

The Hardest Thing.

"What's the hardest thing about roller skating when you're learning?" asked a hesitating young man of the instructor at a rink.

"The floor," answered the attendant.

An Escape.

"The poet who discovered that there are books in the running brooks was a wonderful man.'

"Yes. And he was also lucky in not being suspected of having designs of the country's natural resources."

Applied Definition.

Six Years—Papa, what does hereditary mean?

Fond Papa—Something which descends from father to son.

Six Years—Is spanking hereditary?

"I don't know whether to accept this testimonial or not," mused the hair restorer man.

"What's the matter with it?" demanded the advertising manager.

"Well," explained the boss, "the man writes, 'I used to have three bald spots on the top of my head, but since using one bottle of your hair restorer I have only one'"—Pittsburg Press.

Evolution of the Envelope.

There are many persons now living who remember the days when letters went through the mails in the form of a folded sheet of paper, sealed at one edge, for envelopes were not in common use until about 1855. In that year a machine was patented for producing these now indespensable covers for epistolary correspondence—a machine which as compared with hand labor did the work of five girls. A better machine was produced in 1862, which performed the work of seven girls. Three years later came the machine with the device for gumming the flap of the envelope, which did the work of ten girls. Next came another of American device, which did the work of twenty girls and is still largely used. This has a rival in an invention which gums, prints, folds and counts the envelopes and binds them with a paper band in packets of twenty-five. This machine supplants the labor of thirty girls.—Harper's Weekly.

A Cumulative Persian Story.

A hunter finds some honey in the fissure of a rock, fills a jar with it and takes it to a grocer. While it is being weighed a drop falls to the ground and is swallowed up by the grocer's weasel. Thereupon the huntsman's dog rushes upon the weasel and kills it. The grocer throws a stone at the dog and kills him. The huntsman draws his sword and cuts off the grocer's arm, after which he is cut down by the infuriated mob of the bazaar. The governor of the town, informed of the fact, sends messengers to arrest the murderer. When the crowd resisted troops were dispatched to the scene of the conflict, whereupon the townspeople mixed themselves up in the riot, which lasted three days and three nights, with the result that 70,000 men were slain. All this through a drop of honey.

Stories of the Gravediggers.

Grimly humorous is the tale of the Scottish gravedigger who complained that he did not get constant work.

"But, George," said the minister, "if you were to be constantly employed in the duties of the office you would soon bury the whole parish."

"That might be, sir, but boo am I to keep a wife and family unless I get regular work? 'Deed, sir, I havena buried a livin' soul for the last six weeks."

Bolder still was the case of another gravedigger who was asked to reduce his fee for digging a grave because, "mind ye, James, she was an auld woman and was nae spent."

Compensation For Injury.

Compensation for injury in the middle ages was in its infancy. The volume of the accounts of the lord high treasurer of Scotland, just published tells incidentally of payments made to sufferers in the siege of Glasgow in 1544. To a carter who lost his horse $25 was paid, but $10.58 sufficed for a woman whose husband was killed, a like sum being given to the owner of two broken drums.

His Past and His Present.

"What do you know about his past? asked Mabel.

"Just enough to make me a little suspicious about his present," said Maud, examining with a magnifying glass the diamond ring the young man had sent her.

Her Only Want.

"I have difficulty in satisfying my wife. She has a thousands wants."

"I have difficulty in satisfying mine, and she has only one want."

"What is it?"

"Money."—Baltimore American.

International Hockey Match.

A hockey match between the Scottish and French associations has been provisionally arranged to be played Dec. 10 in the south of England. London, Oxford and Cambridge are all possible venues.

No Cheap Stuff.

"How would you like a game picture for your dining room? A brace of canvasbacks, say?"

"No cheap stuff for me. Paint me a picture of a dozen eggs."

Strategy.

Bessie—But didn't you say if George tried to kiss you, why, you wouldn't stand for it?

Peggy—I didn't I—I sat down in a hammock.

In Sunday School.

"Who was Noah?

"He was the fellow who gave the first house party."—New York Press.

First Formed Societies.

Great Britain has the honor of having first formed societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

The Largest Lighthouse.

The largest lighthouse is the one at Cape Henry, Virginia, the structure being 165 feet high.

Aerial Teetotalism.

"Come up in my aeroplane."

"No, thanks; I'm afraid of taking a drop too much."—Judge.

Chicago's Big Ice Rink.

Chicago has an ice rink which comprises 20,000 square feet of floor space and will permit 2,000 persons to skate.

Says an advertisement in the London Express: "Mary—Waited three hours at appointed spot until questioned by suspicious policeman. If this is the price of love it is too heavy a one for me to pay. Farewell. Potts."

Guest—Scientists claim that in a million years this earth will be a mass of ice.

Proprietor Summer Hotel—Oh! well I'll be out of the summer-hotel business by that time I hope.

"You Americans," said the London man, "are very fond of what you call pie. But properly speaking a pie should have meat in it."

"Perhaps. But the beef packers compel us to economize."

The Natural Deduction.

His waistcoat was wonderful.

His tie was tremendous.

His socks were positively superhuman.

In order to display which, his trousers were tucked up to a ludicrous height.

An urchin plucked him by the sleeve.

"Lost somebody, guv'nor?" queried the youth sympathetically.

"Of course not, fellow!" he responded contemptuously.

"Cat or dog dead, guv'nor?"

"Bah Jove!" snapped the "nob," distinctly annoyed. "Why do you ask such stoopid questions?"

"Why, guv'nor?" called the urchin, "'Cos I see yer got yer trousers at 'arfmast!"—Answers.

The Explanation.

Old Podklub lay back in his chair in calm content, and though his wife was quite near him he was happy, for she had not broken the silence for nearly five minutes

He had been married for five-and-twenty long years, and Mrs. Podklub, almost daily during 24 of them, had disturbed the domestic peace by a too full exercise of her tongue.

"My dear," broke in Mrs. P——," thinking it time she said something to interrupt the quiet. "I see by the papers that a petrified jaw two yards long has been found in Cornwall."

"What!" cried Podklub, starting up "Now I know your secret. But you never told me your ancestors came from that part of the world!"

One Woman's Way.

"I suppose," said the American youth who had just been handed the frosty digit, "you wouldn't marry for a title, would you?"

"I should say not," replied the heiress. "A girl who marries for anything but love is foolish."

"Well," rejoined the young man. "I'm glad of that—even if I am a loser."

"But I don't mind saying," continued the girl with the goose bank balance, "that a man will have to have a title before I can love him."

After the brick house had been pushed over on him, figuratively speaking, the young man batted out a home run.—Boston Post.

Mental Influence.

"How far is it to Gloomville?" we ask of the native who is leaning over the gate.

"Ten mile, straight ahead," he answers.

"But we met a man a little way back and he said it was only two miles."

"Short, fat man, drivin' a flea-bitten sorrel hoss?"

"That's the man."

"Did ye meet him or pass him?"

"We passed him."

"Thought so. He's drivin' a balker I traded him, an' he didn't want his hoss to know how much farther it had to go."—Chicago Post.

Malay Houses.

Malay houses are invariably built on posts so as to raise the floor from four to six feet above the ground. The floor is composed of bamboo, with interstices between slats, the earth beneath becoming the receptacle of the drainage of the establishment. The universal plan of the well to do natives is to build the house in two divisions, the front one for receiving visitors and lounging generally, while the rear portion is reserved for the women and children.

"I understand that after waiting 20 years she married a struggling young man?" "Yes, poor chap. He struggled the best he knew how, but she landed him.—Brooklyn Life.

Tommy—Pop, what is a dividend? Tommy's Pop (who has been stung in P. D. & Q.)—A dividend, my son, is what is left for the stockholders after the divvy.—Philadelphia Record.

The sense of the futileness of the world is often only the feeling that everyone must be sick because I do not feel well.

First religion and moral principles; secondly, gentlemanly conduct; thirdly intellectual quality.—Dr. Thomas Arnold.

We once heard of a man who loved to pay his debts, but we have forgotten his address.

used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1655.

A man's flattery, like a woman's rouge should be laid on so delicately and artistically that it cannot be detected.

If there ever was a specific for any one complaint, then Carter's Little Liver Pills are a specific for Sick Headache, and every woman should know this. They are not only a positive cure, but a sure preventive if taken when the approach is felt. Carter's Little Liver Pills act directly on the liver and bile, and in this way remove the cause of disease without first making you sick by a weakening purge. If you try them you will not be disappointed.

A smile on the lips is worth two in the sleeve.

If you are nervous or dyspeptic try Carter's Little Nerve Pills. Dyspepsia makes you nervous, and nervousness makes you dyspeptic; either one renders you miserable, and there little pills cure both.

He that calleth himself a fool is in danger of being believed.

They make one feel as though life was worth living. Take one of Carter's Little Liver Pills after eating; it will relieve dyspepsia, aid digestion, give tone and vigor to the system.

Bravery aside, a woman won't show the white feather if some other color is more fashionable.

More cases of sick headache, biliousness, constipation, can be cured in less time, with less medicine, and for less money, by using Carter's Little Liver Pills, than by any other means.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

His Sarcastic Friend.

He was very proud of his new automobile—talked automobile, dreamed automobile, read automobile. Finally to his friends he became a nuisance, and each to himself swore softly that he would bide his time and at the proper moment give him a little verbal thrust.

Finally one long suffering individual was asked to go for a ride. Excuses were of no avail. He was bundled into the machine and taken for a spin through the parks and over the boulevards. In due course of time, without any serious mishap, they pulled up at the Automobile club. The auto crank and his guest were soon surrounded by several of their friends.

"How did you enjoy your ride?," was asked of the auto crank's friend.

"Until to-day I never thought an automobile could go so fast," was his reply. (Here the auto crank was all attention. Right out in public too. That would silence some of the scoffers who said his machine should be called Snail.) "Why, do you know there was a car went by us at such a clip that I could hardly see it."

The auto crank glared, and under his gaze the group melted away. They had had their revenge.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

The Sanity of Paris.

The French live within their means and by a sense of economy wholly unknown to us manage to save and retire to enjoy whatever fortune has stored up for them, says F. Berkeley Smith in Success Magazine. To them France is sufficient. They voyage rarely and gamble less. The spendthrift or the man who plunges on the bourse, the races and the gaming table is regarded by the masses in the light of a rogue and a fool. The Parisians work hard enough for their leisure, but they never eliminate it nor allow their work to encroach upon their traditional daily vacation, as luncheon, the aperitif hour, dinner and fete days. They work, not to amass millions and die in the harness, but to save enough to give their daughter her dot, without which she may never marry; start their son in his chosen trade and have enough income left to retire before they are too old to enjoy their freedom.

Young Men's Buddhist Association.

Japanese Buddhism is remarkable for the great number of sects into which the believers are divided. Every conceivable tendency of thought is represented by a different grouping. Of late there has moreover been great activity in the formation of Buddhist societies among the educated people. Among organizations recently formed, the Great Japan Young Men's Buddhist association, which works among the students of the different Tokio universities, is perhaps the most important. Many of its older members have attained high position in the social and political world, and the society therefore enjoys a considerable influence among the intellectual classes. It includes among its members adherents of all the different sects of Buddhism.—Paul S. Reinsch in the Atlantic.

Little Myra Explains.

Little Myra Lee had been in school but a few days when her mother had occasion to write note to the teacher, and signed herself Mrs. Kent. Thinking she might have misunderstood the child's name, the teacher asked an explanation.

"Oh, sai l Myra, with a charmingly confidential air, "you see mamma got married again, but I didn't."—Lippincott's.

City Streets.

Dr. Johnson would have said a wise thing had he said what somebody said later for him—"Come, let us take a walk down Fleet street." It sounds commonplace, but often a commonplace is concentrated wisdom, and that is how in our careless day a master of the commonplace gets to be regarded as an oracle. If you want to understand a people just do take a walk—many walks—in their great highways of traffic.—James Millie in Fortnightly.

Rheumatic Pigs.

Pigs are troubled by rheumatism more than by any other disease. Its work is so insidious oftentimes and its attacks so various in form that it is not recognized, but it may be set down as a rule that if the pig is afflicted by some mysterious malady, particularly one that incapacitates it in some manner, it is rheumatism.—Country Life in America.

The Trouble.

"So she doesn't return your affection eh? Well, I shouldn't get mad about that. What's the use of bothering about a girl?" said Watkins.

"I don't mind her not returning my affection," said Dobleigh, "but confound it, she won't return my diamond ring, either!"—Harper's Weekly.

Looking Ahead.

Young Wife (in passion)—I'm going home to my mother! Husband (calmly)—Very good; here's money for your railway fare. Wife (after counting it)—But that isn't enough for a return ticket.—Every Woman's Magazine.

"Ever try this keep a-smiling proposition?"

"Tried it once, but with poor success. Unfortunately, I started the experiment on a day that the boss felt grouchy."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Not many delegates appeared at the Esperantist congress that met in Kansas."

"No. Most of them stopped off and hired out as harvest hands."

"Is the first edition of your novel exhausted yet?"

"No. Why?"

"I thought it might be from standing so long on the counters."

Integrity without knowledge is weak and useless, and knowledge without integrity is dangerous and dreadful.—Johnson.

Set not thyself to attain much rest, but much patience.—Thomas a Kempis.

Thomas a Kempis: Through labor to rest, through combat to victory.

Somehow, people always like to exaggerate the mistakes of others.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1910.

NOTES.

"THE PETITION TO REVOKE THE CITY CHARTER OF NEWPORT, R. I., 1786."

I have been requested to reprint certain articles of local interest from the Newport Historical Magazine, published some years ago by the late R. Hammett Tilley, and at this time, when the election under our new city charter is in the near future, the following seems particularly appropriate.

"Although settled in 1639, it was not until 1705 that Newport was authorized to regulate its own prudential affairs by any act of the colony, at that time Newport included what is now the town of Middletown, which latter was known as "the woods." In 1742 "the freeholders of the woods part of the town of Newport, did by petition set forth that the town of Newport is very large, consisting of a vast number of inhabitants and of freemen, upwards of five hundred, so that the affairs thereof cannot be managed with that regularity, order, or justice, as it might be, if the same was divided and made into two towns, and would therefore be of great advantage to all the inhabitants; for as the compact part of the town consists chiefly of merchants and tradesmen, it would be their interest to make such prudential acts for the better government of their affairs, so likewise as the woods part of said town consists of farmers, proper and prudential laws and orders would be made suitable for their condition and circumstances without opposition, which, as yet, hath not been observed." The committee to whom this petition was referred, reported "That they were of opinion, there was no necessity for dividing the aforesaid town of Newport." In 1743, the inhabitants of "the woods" were successful, when the town was divided as per their request. In 1748 Newport was incorporated a city and divided into the following wards:

"First. That part of the said town of Newport to the southward of the lane or street called Carr's lane, extending from the lower market-house to the beach.

Second. From the south side of said lane or street, to the street and highway extending from the brick Market-house eastward by the synagogue to Easton's gate, including the said lane and highway, and the houses, buildings and lots adjoining the same.

Third. That part of the said town to the northward and eastward of the Second-ward and to the eastward of that part of Thames street, extending north of the brick Market-house and of the lane leading by the alms-house.

Fourth. That part of the said town to the westward of the Third ward, including the houses and lots on the west side of Thames street, and on Long wharf."

The following gentlemen were chosen officers of the new city government:

George Hazard, Esq., Mayor.

George Champlin, Samuel Fowler, Peleg Clarke, Oliver Ring Warner, Aldermen.

Henry Bliss, Samuel Freebody, John Slocum, Robert Stevens, George Sears, Nicholas P. Tillinghast, Common Council.

Peleg Barker, City Clerk.

The city form of government did not suit a number of the inhabitants, whereupon the following petition, signed, was presented to the General Assembly, at its October session in 1788, two years after the incorporation of the city:

State of Rhode Island, &c.

To Hon'ble, the Gen'al Assembly of said State, to be convened at the city of Newport, on the first Monday of Oct., A. D. 1788.

Most respectfully sheweth, the subscribers, inhabitants of said city, that about two years since, a number of the inhabitants of the then Town of Newport, convened in town meeting and without consulting many others of their fellow-townsmen, or giving them an opportunity to consider the consequences and the importance of a change in the Town Regulations, introducing a mode of government, novel, arbitrary and altogether unfit for Republicans, did hastily and without due and proper consideration, prefer a petition to the General Assembly for a charter to incorporate the said town into a city, and the General Assembly were then pleased to grant the same and incorporate the said town into a city, since which ye petitioners have experienced many inconveniences and indignities unknown to them before, said incorporation being injurious to their property and civil liberty and incompatible with the rights of freemen.

The choice of the Mayor, Aldermen and Common Council is effected by a few leading influencial men, who, when chosen, have the appointment of all the city officers, independent of the suffrages of the people, which we conceive to be a derogation of those rights and immunities which freemen are indisputably entitled to, and for which so much blood and treasure has been exhausted. The power of the corporation is indefinate and in consequence, dangerous. The administration of the Law is partial and erroneous and, in every stage of its prosecution, enormously expensive; arrogating to themselves the power of judging without precedent, their opinion is the law of the land and their conscience the fee table of the city. We were told that the city mode of government would be economical and much less expensive, for the truth that we have been deceived, let us observe Our Mayor has the same salary with the Governor, and our Wardens and other officers receive more money for their services in proportion, than the whole Judicial powers of the State, united. In this deplorable and much to be lamented situation, we intreat your Honors, who are the guardians of the people, who are the protectors of our rights and the guarantees of our property, that we may be delivered from this worse than Egyptian bondage, that the incorporation of the city of Newport may be repealed and that the charter of slavery, so injurious and so destructive of every feeling that warms the human breast, may be annulled, vacated and made void or otherwise, to be relieved from our distressing situation, as to your Honors may seem meet, and your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray,

Signed; John Wanton, James Anthony, Jonathan Easton, Nicholas Easton, Charles Dunham, John Wanton, John H. Hull, Geo. Thorn Cornell, D Dunham, Jr., Daniel Smith, Joseph Clarke, Geo. Wanton, Joseph Jeffers, Saml. Cranston, Benj. Sherman, Isreal Pearce, Daniel Barney, Eleazer Read, Thomas Arnold, John Simpson, Geo. Cornell, Jr., Peleg Hoxie, Biet. Baley, Will. Douglass, John Price, Ebz. Vose, Wm. Stanhope, John Rogers (son of Thos), Benj. Dunham, William Clarke, John Pitman, Jr., Benj. James, James Bradly, Thomas Stevens, Jr., Gid. Cornell (son of Thos), Geo. Monroe, Stanford Wyatt, Benj. Hoxie, Jona. Southwick, Jos. Peckham, Geo. Martin, Joshua Southwick, Thomas Freebody, And. Freebody, Thomas Freebody, Jr., Henry Osborn, James P. Halpin, Audley Clarke, Lee Laugley, Wm. Arnold, Jona. Rogers, Wm. Bently, Nathan Luther, Daniel Hull, Richard Partlo, Richard Partlo, Jr., John Newton, Solo. Littlefield, Jona. Bryer, John Trevett, John Southwick, Benoni Peckham, Sion. Mumford, Wm. Dedwick, Wm. Brown, Daniel Melville (pewterer), Elijah Knap, Malt, Lawton, Geo. Hunt, Gideon Sisson, Jr., Sam. Thurston, Joseph Card, John Corbs, Edsha Smith, Jona. Lillibridge, Eleazer Read, Jr., John Dennis, Nath. Jenkins, John Peaves, Robt. Webb, John Read, John Harris, John Pirey, Jona. Thurston, Daniel Hookey, Robert Lawton, John James, Edmond Brown, Wm. Gardner, Samuel Youngs, Benj. Holt, Joshua Rogers, James Durfee, Samuel Young, Jr., Nicholas Easger, ——Martin, W. West, Jr., W. Briggs, Geo. Wilbour, Peter Holt, Job Greenman, Jos. B. Nichols, Wm. Hoxie.

The petition was granted. Newport gave up its city charter March 27, 1787, and the old form of town government was resumed. Newport was again incorporated a city, May 6, 1853, when Mr. Geo. H. Calvert was elected Mayor.

Newport, R. I., Feb. 13, 1881.
CHAPMAN.—E. M. T.

FOR STEALING $1,490,000

Secretary of Trust Company Gets From Ten to Eighteen Years

Louisville, Nov. 30.—August Ropke entered a plea of guilty to five counts of the indictment charging him with embezzlement of the funds of the Fidelity Trust company. The total of the defalcations was $1,490,000. The amount was reduced by recoveries to $1,190,000.

Ropke was given a sentence of from ten to eighteen years in the penitentiary, this penalty covering all his offenses. Ropke was secretary of the company's banking department.

Death of Mrs. Lippitt

Providence, Dec. 1.—Mrs. Marie L. Lippitt, wife of Henry F. Lippitt, textile manufacturer, and candidate for the United States senate, died suddenly at her home here from heart trouble.

The Red Shirt.

The origin of the "red shirt"—worn as a blouse by English women in the sixties, when Garibaldi was a popular idol throughout Great Britain—is sufficiently curious. When the celebrated filibuster was warring in the South American republics he was anxious to obtain a distinctive and, above all, economical uniform for his followers. He learned that a local dry goods store had an immense "job lot" of these garments, worn by the "saladéros," or cattle slaughterers, of the great South American cities. The "bargain sale" appealed eloquently to the leader's purse, and he led his men to victory in the butchers' shirts, which are now the accepted emblem of the "risorgomento" of United Italy.—London Globe.

A Little Temperance Tragedy.

"Don't drink any more, John. You've got too much already."

"No, I haven't."

"Yes, you have, and you'll be drunk again."

"Aw, what do you want to worry about that for? It's me that has the headache next morning."

"I know, John, but it's me that has the heartache all the time."—New York Times.

The Price of Love.

Says an advertisement in the London Express: "Mary—Waited three hours at appointed spot until questioned by suspicious policeman. If this is the price of love it is too heavy, a one for me to pay. Farewell. Potts."

Time and Patience.

No road is too long for him who advances slowly and does not hurry, and no attainment is beyond his reach who equips himself with patience to achieve it.—La Bruyere.

The Battle of a Week.

The battle of a week was the great conflict at Tours in which Charles Martel overthrew the Saracens, A. D. 732. The members of the Saracen army are variously estimated at from 400,000 to 700,000, and the historians say that 375,000 were killed on the field. It is suspected that these figures are a gross exaggeration, but it is certain that few battles of history have been either so bloody or so decisive.

SPECIAL ATTENTION.

JOHN LEE, the well-known contractor, will dispose of 11 horses and mares that have been used to his business the past year. This is my surplus stock that I dispose of every fall; ages range from 6 to 7 years, weight from 1200 to 1400. These horses will suit butcher, grocer, milkman, farmer or any business that has heavy hauling. Special attention is called to a chunky team, "Tom and Kate," 6 years old, weight 2800 and will work together like one horse; one nice team weighing 2800, aged 7 years. These horses are all healthy and used to hard work. One mare, heavy in foal, 7 years old and weighing 1200. It will pay anyone looking for an honest workhorse or mare to call at my office and I will show and explain what each and every one is. I will also give a written guarantee with each horse and mare for 10 days, and if they are not as I represent them I do not want you to keep them. Call at my office.

JOHN LEE,
836 South Main St., Providence, R. I.
12-3-3w

AN INLAID BACK
IN A
"CHAIR THAT FITS."

The tulips that appear on their slender stalks inlaid on the back rest of the chair we illustrate are a novel decorative feature as well as a pleasant surprise—the idea will arouse enthusiastic comment among your most pessimistic friends.

But that is not all, for the chair itself has singularly restful lines—each curve of your body seems to fit into it at once. The

Handsome Mahogany Finish

Lends an air of richness to the rocker, which is extremely well built throughout. Again you will scarcely expect to find its duplicate wherever you may go. It is entirely exclusive, you see.

As another striking example of the advantages of trading at the Titus Store, it ful fils it mission splendidly. The price of the chair is a very low one.

$5.00

A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

To WASHINGTON and the SOUTHLAND.

TWO LUXURIOUS TRAINS

FEDERAL EXPRESS — COLONIAL EXPRESS

Through service. You pass through New York without changing cars. To ladies travelling alone this is a great advantage.
These trains are splendidly equipped—restibuted buffet parlor cars and dining car in either direction.

FEDERAL EXPRESS
Daily, Sundays included.
Through sleeping cars between Boston and Philadelphia and Washington. Due Washington at 9.45 a. m. Prompt connection for all Southern Winter Resorts.

COLONIAL EXPRESS
Daily except Sundays.
Due Washington 9.41 p. m. Dining car between Boston and South Norwalk. Through sleeping car connection at Washington for principal Winter Resorts.

Excursion Tickets Now On Sale.
For information write A. B. Smith, General Passenger Agent, New Haven, Conn.

NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD RAILROAD.

A QUALITY TALK.

When buying Fire Insurance buy the best; that is buy it in Companies who have passed through great conflagrations, notably the San Francisco conflagration with the highest credit. The cost is the same.

WE have the Companies.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,
169 THAMES STREET.

Grey November Skies

Cause one to think of home cheer and comforts. Nothing adds more to brighten and ease home life than the ever ready telephone. Have you a telephone at your home?

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.,
LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE, 142 Spring St., Newport, R. I.

Money Saved
Health Gained
Avoid the cold Winter
...GO TO...
Florida Georgia Alabama
In Comfort and Luxury
By Sea Send for Green Folder

SAILING FOR SAVANNAH DIRECT
via the Savannah Line
Greatly Reduced Fares
To All Points South
First Cabin Fare, Boston to Jacksonville, Florida
$26.15. Round Trip, $42.30
(Including meals and Berth aboard ship)
Large Ships—Broad Promenade Decks
Leave Boston 20 Atlantic Ave., 3 P.M. every Tues. and Sat.
Call on Your Nearest Ticket Agent or CHARLES W. JONES, N.E.P.A., 20 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Carr's List.

THE LADY OF SHENIPISIT, by Frederic P. Ladd.
THE GOLDEN GALLEON, by Lucas Malet.
PERIWINKLE, By William Farquhar Payson.
THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE, by Reginald Wright Kauffman.
We are also showing the Christmas number of the ENGLISH MAGAZINES, DENNISON'S GOODS and CHRISTMAS CARDS, CALENDARS and NOVELTIES,
DAILY NEWS BUILDING

It's some satisfaction to the widow to realize that she looks well in black.

RHODE ISLAND
STATE COLLEGE.

STANDARD COURSES IN
Agriculture, Engineering, Applied Science, Home Economics — B. S. Degree
SHORT COURSES (Two Years) in
Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, Domestic Economy — Certificate

Free Tuition, Excellent Equipment. Board $3.75 per week; lodging, heat, light, 84 cents per week.
Standard entrance requirements for degree courses. Location beautiful, healthful and accessible.
Address STATE COLLEGE, Kingston, R.I.
7-23-tf

ELECTION WARRANT.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND Providence Plantations.

NEWPORT, SC. City of Newport.

WHEREAS, in accordance with the provisions of Section 23 of Chapter 132 of The Public Laws passed April 19, 1909, and adopted June 8, 1908, the 4 First Tuesday in December in every year is designated as the day for holding Ward Meetings in said City for the Election of City Officers, said Tuesday being the sixth Day of December, A. D. 1910.

WHEREFORE the qualified electors of this city are hereby warned and notified to meet in their respective Ward and District Meetings on said Tuesday, the Sixth day of December, A. D. 1910, at half past six o'clock in the morning at the following named places designated according to law, viz:

In the First Ward, First Representative District, at the Ward and District Room in No. 2 Fire Station Building, Bridge Street.

In the First Ward, Second Representative District, Voting District No. 2 in the Ward and District Voting House, located in the street on the west side of West Broadway, south of Burnside avenue.

In the First Ward, Third Representative District, Voting District No. 3 in the Ward and District Voting House located in the street on the west side of West Broadway, just north of the corner of West Broadway and Marlborough street.

In the Second Ward, Second Representative District, Voting District No. 1 at the Ward and District Room in No. 4 Fire Station Building, Equality Park Place.

In the Second Ward, Third Representative District, Voting District No. 2 in the Ward and District Voting House located in the street on the north side of Calvert street, just east of the corner of Calvert street and Broadway.

In the Third Ward, Third Representative District, Voting District No. 1 at the Ward and District Room, in No. 1 Fire Station Building, Mill street.

In the Third Ward, Fourth Representative District, Voting District No. 2 in the Ward and District Voting House located in the street on the south side of Pelham street, just east of the corner of Spring and Pelham streets.

In the Fourth Ward, Four h Representative District, Voting District No. 1 at 491 Thames street, in Father Mathew Total Abstinence Society's Block.

In the Fifth Ward, Fifth Representative District, at the Hibernian Hall, Wellington avenue (formerly Grace Chapel).

In the Fifth Ward, Fourth Representative District, Voting District No. 3 in the Ward and District Voting House, located in the street on the north side of Perry street, just east of the corner of Spring and Perry Sts.

And to give in their ballots, as provided by law for one election of said City for MAYOR to serve for one year from the first Monday in January next; for four members of the PUBLIC SCHOOL COMMITTEE to serve for three years from said first Monday in January next, and for Moderator and Clerk of their respective Wards and Districts to serve for the term as by law provided. AND said qualified electors who are entitled to vote upon any proposition to impose a tax or for the expenditure of money will give in their ballots for MAYOR, PUBLIC SCHOOL COMMITTEEMEN, MODERATORS and CLERKS as aforesaid; and for five ALDERMEN to serve for one year from the first Monday in January next, one from each ward of said City and for thirteen MEMBERS OF THE REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL for each of the WARDS of said City, for the term of three years, who shall reside in the wards from which they are elected; and for one member of the Representative Council, for one year, from the FOURTH WARD to fill a vacancy.

Said Ward Meetings, according to law, will be kept open from half-past six o'clock in the morning until half-past six o'clock in the evening and no longer.

Witness my hand this 28th day of November, A. D. 1910.

F. N. FULLERTON,
City Clerk.
12-3

Probate Clerk's Office, Middletown, R. I., November 29, A. D. 1910.

Estate of Melville Bull.

CHARLES M. BULL, one of the Administrators with the will annexed, on the estate of Melville Bull, late of said Middletown, deceased, has this day filed in this office the first and final account therewith of the Administrators with the will annexed thereon, together with his petition in writing to the Court of Probate of said Middletown, praying that said account may be examined, allowed and recorded, and said Charles M. Bull has applied to me to give due notice of the filing and pendency of said account and petition according to law.

Notice is hereby given to all persons in any wise interested in said account or in said petition, that the same will be considered and acted upon, at the Court of Probate to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the nineteenth day of December next, A. D. 1910, at one o'clock p. m.

ALBERT L. CHASE,
Probate Clerk.
12-3-3w

No. 1492.

REPORT

OF the condition of the NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK, at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business November 10, 1910.

RESOURCES.		DOLLARS.
Loans and discounts		$322,883 43
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		1 50
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		110,000 00
Bonds, securities, etc.		55,600 00
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures		12,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents		84,680 35
Checks and other cash items		11 85
Exchanges for clearing house		4,458 10
Notes of other National Banks		1,035 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents		450 89
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:		
Specie	27,070 50	
Legal-tender notes	1,200 00	28,270 50
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per ct. of circulation)		5,500 00
Total		$621,891 50

LIABILITIES.	DOLLARS
Capital stock paid in	$120,000 00
Surplus fund	60,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	37,631 07
National Bank notes outstanding	107,200 00
Dividends unpaid	806 10
Individual deposits subject to check	307,367 93
Demand certificates of deposit	1,460 65
Certified checks	826 20
Total	$621,891 50

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss:
I, Henry G. Stevens, Jr., Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
H. G. STEVENS, JR., Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of November, 1910.
PACKER BRAMAN,
Notary Public.
Correct—Attest: George W. Sherman, Albert K. Sherman, Henry Bull, Jr., Directors.

No. 1565

REPORT

OF the condition of THE NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business November 10, 1910.

RESOURCES.		DOLLARS.
Loans and discounts		$328,019 73
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		691 88
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		100,000 00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds		2,750 00
Bonds, securities, etc.		188,362 71
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures		82,000 00
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents)		1,511 54
Due from approved reserve agents		68,213 23
Checks and other cash items		3,019 79
Exchanges for clearing house		7,825 77
Notes of other National Banks		7,610 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents		1,086 22
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:		
Specie	18,650 15	
Legal-tender notes	7,602 00	26,252 15
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)		5,400 00
Total		$761,706 23

LIABILITIES	DOLLARS
Capital stock paid in	$100,000 00
Surplus fund	65,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	28,995 57
National Bank notes outstanding	100,000 00
Due to other National Banks	3,570 10
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks	45,458 88
Individual deposits subject to check	412,380 44
Demand certificates of deposit	7,018 57
Certified checks	1,282 67
Total	$761,706 23

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss:
I, George H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of November, 1910.
PACKER BRAMAN,
Notary Public.
Correct—Attest: David Braman, Ralph R. Barker, Edward A. Brown, Directors.

"Meet Me at Barney's."

It is not too soon to plan for

CHRISTMAS

Your Shopping will be a

PLEASURE HERE.

BARNEY'S
Music Store,
140 Thames Street.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed executed by Francis Stanhope, Guardian of the person and estate of Maria McKeon, of the City of Newport, in the County of Newport, and State of Rhode Island, to the Savings Bank of Newport, a corporation created by law and located in the City and County of Newport, and State of Rhode Island, bearing date August 1st, A. D. 1883, and recorded in Mortgages Land Evidence of said Newport, Vol. 14, at page 766, which said mortgage has since been duly assigned to Fischel David, here having been breach in the performance of the conditions contained in said mortgage deed:

There will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, in the said City of Newport, on SATURDAY, December 3d, 1910, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, all that certain lot or parcel of land, situated in the City of Newport, with a dwelling house and other improvements thereon, bounded and described as follows, viz.: Northerly on Bath road, twenty-five feet; Westerly on land of Bernard McGowan, one hundred feet; Southerly on land now or formerly of Henry A. Middleton, twenty-five feet, and Easterly on other land of said Middleton, one hundred feet.

The undersigned hereby gives notice of his intention to bid at said sale.

FISCHEL DAVID,
Assignee of the Mortgage.
10-29-3w

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., November 7th, 1910.

Estate of Adelaide Sprague.

AN INSTRUMENT in writing, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Adelaide Sprague, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the fifth day of December, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
Clerk.
11-19-3w

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., November 7th, 1910.

Estate of Enoch Steadman.

AN INSTRUMENT in writing, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Enoch Steadman, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the fifth day of December, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
Clerk.
11-19-3w

USE
Diamond Hill BIRD
—AND—
Poultry Grit,
FREE FROM DUST,
White and Clean,
INSURES
Healthy Fowl.
ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.
MANUFACTURED BY
Newport Compressed Brick Co
Newport, R. I.
5-2-tf

SHOES
FOR EVERY NEED, AT
THE
T. Mumford Seabury COMPANY,
214 Thames Street.

POULTRY SCHOOL.
Fourteenth Annual Poultry School
OF
Rhode Island State College
will convene January 4 to February 17, 1911. The course includes studies and practice in all branches of poultry culture, demonstrations and lectures by members of the college faculty and others. Write for particulars to
HOWARD EDWARDS, President,
Kingston, Rhode Island.
11-12-2m

NOTICE.
Dr. Nathan A. Estes
REMOVED TO
130 TOURO STREET.
11-19-2w

Grief is crowned with consolation. Shakespeare.